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MEADVILLE, PA.

Commencement Program

(Note—We regret that this must be placed at the end, but we were unable to get the proof earlier)

1. Invocation ..... Rev. J. H. Jelbart
2. Chorus—Springtime ..... Strauss-Palmer
3. Oration ..... South America
   Harry Shuhart.
4. Class Poem ..... Ruth Elliot
5. Violin Solo—(a) Hungarian Dance—"The Son of the Putza" ..... Keler-Bela
   (b) Obertass—Mazurka ..... Wieniawski
   Francis Forbes
6. Class History—
   Helen Cutter — Anna Price
   Inez Miller — Etta Hanaway
   Dorothy Chapin — Margaret Prather
   Lawrence Judd
7. Recitation ..... The New Organ
   Esther Manning.
8. Oration ..... The World in Which We Live
   Samuel Warren
9. Chorus—Song of the Bells (from Chimes of Normandy") ..... Planquette
10. Class Prophecy—
    Eleanor Davenport
    Assisted by Charles Hammett, Edward Snyder
11. Presentation of Diplomas—
    F. G. Prenatt, President of the School Board

—o—

High School Orchestra.

—o—

Accompanist—Miss Mabel Cunningham

Musical Director—Mary L. Bond

Principal—Euphemia Haxton.

The Red and Black

Edited by
Class
'20½ and '21

Meadville High School

Meadville, Pennsylvania

MISS ISABELLE M. CARROLL, B. S.
Faculty Adviser

DEDICATED TO

MISS ISABELLE M. CARROLL, B. S.

FACULTY ADVISER

OF THE RED AND BLACK

MR. W. W. IRWIN
Superintendent of Schools

MISS EUPHEMIA R. HAXTON
Principal of High School

Faculty of Meadville High School

Mary Bond, A. B.
Isabelle Carroll, B. S.
Henrietta Carroll, A. B.
Dorothy Borrell
Anna Dunn, A. B.
Ruth Ferer, A. B.
Catherine Fowler, A. B.
Helen Hotson, A. B.
Noel Poux
Idell Kingsley
Norwood Kerr, B. S.
Loretta Lawyer
Eleanor McKay, A. B.
Grace Prenatt, A. B.
Frederick Pond, B. S.
Adelaide Remler, A. B.
Grace Stoke
Fayetta Walp

Miss Euphemia Haxton, Principal

Staff of Red and Black

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Manager, Charles Hammett

Reporter from Senior Class, Eleanor Davenport

Reporter from Sophomore Class, John Henrietta

Faculty Adviser, Isabelle M. Carroll, B. S.

Associate Editor, Marguerite Eisnmann

Assistant Manager, Charles Haas

From Junior Class, Elizabeth Charlton

From Freshman Class, Gladys Schade

Assistant Faculty Adviser, Grace Stoke

RED AND BLACK STAFF

Senior Class

Class Colors—Purple and Gold

Class Motto—B²

President.....Charles Hammett
Vice-president.....John Brooks
Secretary.....Esther Manning
Treasurer.....Mabel Cunningham

Elizabeth Bates
John Bates
Doris Burchfield
Myrtle Bacon
Harriet Balliet
John Brooks
Helen Bitler
Virgil Calvin
Dorothy Chapin
Helen Cutter
Vada Cutshall
Virginia Carr
Mabel Cunningham
Marian Clark
Willard Chase
Eleanor Davenport
Blanche Eastman

Ruth Elliott
Francis Forbes
Florence Greenwalt
Lorence Green
James Houser
Ellis Hall
Etta Hanaway
Charles Hammett
Florence Joyce
Dorothy Jelbart
Florence Johnson
Laurence Judd
Wayne Luce
Kenneth Landon
Twila Marshall
Lucille Maynard
Esther Manning

Dorothy Mason
Inez Miller
Harlon Miller
Kenneth McClintock
Brynce McMichael
Floyd McMahon
Sarah Ortman
Anna Price
Ruth Postance
Mabelle Popeney
Margaret Prather
Elizabeth Prenett
Edna Reese
Julia Ryan
Paul Roberts
Virginia Robinson
Olive Shafer

Madeline Steele
George Sigendall
Harry Shuhart
Rosamund Shutz
Marian Shreck
Waldemar Stolz
David Swaney
Edward Snyder
Norma Thomas
Adelaide Thurston
Alice Townsend
Edith Veith
Frances Veith
Helen Woodworth
Elizabeth Wishart
Grace Wyatt
Samuel Warren

Senior Class, "As You Were"

Charles Hammett

"Inches do not make the man."

"A handsome man with eyes of brown."

And here is our President, and then we haven't told you much about "Chuck." Manager of the Year Book, quarter back in Football and Edith's right hand man in Physics class and—oh, yes! Honor Student too. If there is anything Chuck can't do, just let M. H. S. know it. Assisted the Class Prophet.

John Brooks

"Pretty as a picture and sweet as he can be."

Looks his best when his hair is mused up into curls. Hails from Geneva, Pa., but all the nice boys don't come from the city. Vice President of Class. Frequents North Street. We wonder why? That's all right Johnny, they all fall sooner or later. Football letter man. Senior Six elected by Class.

Esther Manning

"The better you know her the better you like her."

Our Secretary and she certainly knows how to do her work. They say there is a gentleman friend, but you can't prove it by the staff. Senior Six on marks.

Mabel Cunningham

"Her fingers shame the ivory keys,
They dance so light along."

Graduated and post graduated from the College of Music. She entertained the seniors at a Halloween party and the whole class voted her a fine entertainer.

Margaret Patricia Prather

"And still I care not a pin,
For what they said or may say."

A peach of a Basket Ball player and Manager of the team. A wonderful swimmer. Once saved a very valuable life from untimely extenction. Senior Six elected by class.

Ruth Elliott

"Blessed is he who hath a vocabulary,
She need not look for success in the dictionary."

The senior brains. Never known to use stronger language than "good gracious!" Has so many friends she has to give parties on the installment plan. Senior Six on marks.

Dorothy Chapin

She is a maiden well liked,
By those who know her best.

A real live combination of all the virtues. Always has been a loyal supporter of athletics and indispensible at class parties. She fittingly winds up her career in old M. H. S. as Editor of this worthy book. "Who says "Ben" isn't a lucky fellow?"

Edward Snyder

"In matters scientific he can not be surpassed."

Aide de camp of Captain Pond, official penny thrower in Study Hall, very bright and well liked by lots of girls. Changes girls so rapidly we can't keep track of them. Blue eyes that match some others we know.

Madeline Jeanne Steele

She is a bonnie wee (?) thing.

One of our active members whose bobbed hair and short skirts are quite a strain on the Faculty. Seems to think "Irwin" is just right. Holds a daily tete-a-tete with him in the Hall.

Anna Price

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness
And all her paths are peace."

One of the few of 20½ who finished on time. A follower of the Commercial Course. Never seen at class meetings but never found missing at class. Assisted the Historian on the Commencement Program.

Dorothy Jelbart

"Would that there was more like her."

One of the bright girls of our class, but is also interested in other things besides studies. She made High School in three and one-half years, but we have never seen any evidence of the same.

Marion Schreck

"Her voice was ever soft and low."

Quite but not unassuming. Very fond of crochet work. A shark in Short Hand. Brown seems to be her favorite color. Must have attractions in the country for she is not very often seen promenading the city streets.

John Bates

"Somestimes I study."

Basket Ball '18, '19, '20, '21. Captain of '21. Foot Ball '18 and '19. Best dancer in the class. Has a stand-in with the teachers (?). Tried to wait for "Babe" but feared he'd have to wait to long.

Harlon Miller

"Men of few words are best of men."

A follower of the Preparatory Class. Gives all his time and attention to his studies, sadly neglecting the fair sex and social activities of the class. His aim is high and with continued perseverance, success is sure.

Lawrance Green

"Better be a self-starter, than make the teacher a crank."

A very active lad, especially in classes. He is "Green" by name but not by nature. Is often seen rushing down Park Avenue towards a certain Dot's. We wonder what he would do if he arrived at school fifteen minutes early.

Etta Hanaway

" Is always on her guard."

Is one of the famous younger "Wrecking Crew." Likes streams and Brooks. Is quiet, modest, well liked and attends all class affairs. Is the champion for the Girls' Basket Ball team.

Inez Miller

"The rarest gift of being constantly herself."

One of the best students of '21. Fat but jolly. Latin shark without a pony. Must like to pay fines for she is always decorating her books.

Mabelle Popney

"On with the dance."

"Oh, how she can sing!" "An' that's not all," she plays the piano, too. Never seen much at class activities, because she has affairs outside of school —ask Eddie.

Harriett Balliett

"And her modest ways and gracious air
Show her wise and good as she is fair."

A "petite blondenette" who journeys from afar to seek knowledge in M. H. S. The delight of Miss H. Carroll in French and the joy of Miss Ferer; sits next to El. Davenport but so far has not been contaminated.

Virginia Carr

"So well to know
Her own that what she wills to do or say
Seems wisest."

One of the active members of the class. Always present at class affairs. Last year her interests centered around Allegheny, but now she has changed them to Carnegie Tech. Is often seen riding in a Ford Coupe.

Wayne Luce

"Showing that is a good face is a letter or recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit."

Foot Ball letterman, '20. Came to us from Guy's Mills to finish his H. S. education. A cheerful lad with good intentions. Likes "Davenports" quite well. Expects to take up Civil Engineering at Tech next fall

James Houser

A woman hater? There ain't no such thing!
Member of Basket Ball team '20, '21. Has never been seen with any of the fair sex, but never mind, Jim, we don't see you all the time. Slings sodas at Ballinger's.

Bernice Keller

"A maiden meek and mild."
The quiet girl with the ready smile. Always seen at class meetings but never takes part in any of the class doings. Always believes in being at school on time, but then she's one of the smart ones of the class. A joy to the faculty.

Helen Cutter.

"A face with gladness overspread
Soft smiles by human kindness bred."
Here is our little friend "Bobby," whose short-cropped locks have just enough "kink" to them to be envied by all. Sang at the circus. Everywhere that Helen goes, along goes her shadow, Frances Veith.

Elizabeth Prenatt

"Little I ask and my wants are few."
Girl friends call her Betty. Loves to howl. Thinks Cleveland is the only city in United States aside from Meadville. Rather quiet but not at all bashful. Too wrapped up in her lessons to attend to social activities. Follower of the college course. Intends to go to Edinboro Normal next year. So we suppose she will soon be a dignified teacher.

Elizabeth Bates

"Like a young cypress, tall, fair, and straight."
"Lib" is a good sport; always ready to do her part towards good times. Ever generous with the car for class parties. President of the High Student Club. We wonder just what kind of 'settlement' work "Lib" is going to do.

Vada Cutshall

"Jolly, clever, never tame,
For pep is Vada's middle name."
One of the great jokers of the class. We wish her great success as a teacher but be careful and don't vamp the boys. Great friend of Myrtle Bacon. Noted for her giggle and seems to have a monopoly on the gum products.

George Sigendall

"I am Sir Oracle, and when I 'ope my lips let no dog bark."
He's head-over-heels in love with — — — athletics. Vice-President of his Junior Class. Foot Ball '18, '19, '20. Cheerleader '18. Favorite melody: "Carry me back to Old Virginia."

Waldameer Stoltz

"He only acts when off the stage."

Left us for a semester for a trip to Detroit and environs. Noted for his car. Seems interested in Masons. Hope he'll join when he's old enough. Runs Veith's Clothing store.

Twila Marshall.

"Her glittering tresses shower gold."

A vamp was never known to have red hair and blue eyes but—her glances when directed toward the hill are often more than friendly. Peg Maynard's best friend.

Grace Wyatt

"For she was the quiet kind."

The name Grace suggests only one of her better characteristics. Since last spring she has been learning to drive a car and she expects, by June, to take care of all the night demonstrations of the Chevrolet car for the Wyatt Motor Company.

Rosamond Schutz

"A nice little girl with quiet little ways."

One of the few students in Hi who is fellow companion with her brother. Careful student. Knows whereof she speaks in discussing Modern History. All the fellows desire to get acquainted with Rosie but no encouragement.

Eleanore Davenport

"A sunny face and disposition truly
Sparkling eyes and locks unruly."

Best known and liked girl in H. S. Always on the jump at school activities. Captain Girl's Basket Ball '21. Year Book Staff. "And the little Ford rambles on." On the Commencement Program. Great Help to the Advertising Manager. Eleanore gets what she goes after.

Florence Joyce.

"The way to gain knowledge is to ask questions."

One of the small ones of the class. Although small she is by no means quiet. Great friend of Mable Cunningham. Also fond of arguing in History Class. She has braved four years of hard work at M. H. S. and expects to enter College in the fall.

Harry Shuhart

"You'd be surprised."

West Virginia sent up Harry as its choicest products, and he sure is a shark in French and Math. Fusses on Sunday night, but never lets it interfere with his lessosns. Are there any more in West Virginia like you ? Senior Six elected by Faculty. Venus and Adonis (?).

Laurence Judd

"Never do to-day what you can put off 'til to-morrow."

Foot Ball '20. Basket Ball '21. "Juddy" very fond of throwing pennies in third period Study Hall. As member of the Foot Ball team, also made a hit on the Basket Ball team.

Olive Shaffer

"Nothing is impossible to a willing mind."

One of our tall members—. Gets her hair up clever. Ballinger & Co., couldn't get along without her as she is the living add for their beauty powder and a good one.

Blanche Eastman

"Life is a jest and all things show it,
I thought so once and now I know it."

She left school once but thought better of it and came back to graduate with class of '21. She always attends class meetings and is full of 'pep'. Can be seen any morning running throught the Diamond at 7:57 a. m.

Marian Clark

"Happy I am from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me?"

Diligent follower of the Commercial Course. Has gone with most of the H. S. and some of the college fellows. Spent her spare time at Keep's Drug Store filling out orders for the High School bunch. Member of the S. O. U.

Julia Ryan—Judy

"She is beautiful—her raven curls
Have broken the hearts of many envious girls."

Has a disposition all her own. Never seen without Bertha Leonard. We understand shat she reserves Sunday night for a certain person(?). Think she will make good in the movies.

Norma Thomas

"Graceful and useful in all she does."

Braved four years of Latin. Has taken prizes for Year Book stories and hopes to become a journalist. Good luck to you, Norma.

Paul Roberts

"I've got a memory but it isn't very big."

Rather a quiet sort of a chap, but he speaks when he's spoken to . Has quite a liking for the lower classes. Come to think of it, we don't believe he is as quiet as he seems.

Kenneth Landon—(Crown Prince)

"Not to know me argues yourself unknown."

Kenneth Landon determined gentle in a very rough way, affectionate well, we'll say so or rather she does. Quite an artist. Collects the photographs of all the out of town vamps. Says he'll make the University of Cincinnatti in 2½ years.

Edna Reese

"Whatever she did was done with much ease."

A quiet sort of girl who came to us from New Castle. She never bothers the boys much and is very studious. Tallest girl in the class.

Florence Johnston

"Light and airy, smiling and gay,
With a very winning way."

Acquired a desire to graduate and started rushing suddenly. Is good looking but the High School students have no chance, as she is tied up to a banker.

Myrtle Bacon

Though Myrtle's list of beaux is full, it can always be "Fuller." The Conqueror of Caesar, Cicero, and Virgil. Expects to be a school teacher, but we'll leave it to Alpha Chi Rho fellows.

Adelaide Thurston

"Care to every coffin adds a nail, no doubt
And every grin so merry draws one out."

Always keeps her marks up, and has a good time. Makes flying trips to Franklin. Says she has developed a "reel" case so supposed it was on a movie star, Ben Turpin for instance but its only a Junior in M. H. S.

Miriam Kepler

"Better be dead than out of style."

She is one of our "sweetest girl graduates." Is not seen much in the halls of M. H. S., but who can blame her for delighting in the more highly intellectual conversation of the men of Allegheny. Brings N. Y. styles to Meadville. We predict a brilliant future for her as a designer.

David Swaney

"Whoever excells in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes."

A quiet fellow, popular with the whole class. Went out for Basket Ball in '21. We could never get along without him in Physics Class. Seldom seen at High School activities.

Francis Forbes

"What is mine, no matter,
What is matter, never mind."

Important member of the orchestra. Very popular, especially among the girls of the Junior Class. Made High in three years. Cheer Leader of 1920-21. The girls are anxious to know how he curls his hair.

Lucile Maynard

"If ladies be but young and fair they have the gift to know it."

Is she sort of cute and pretty? You said it! If she would only smile on the humble men of M. H. S., but they are all saved for a certain A. C. "Bird." Twila's inseparable companion.

Elizabeth Wishart

"We like her for her own true worth."

We never see much of Elizabeth, but we have heard that someone monoplizes her time, so may be that explains it. Beside other affections she seems to favor Latin. She's a particular friend of Miss Haxton and Miss Dunn, having taken four years of Latin.

Helen Woodworth

"When she would talk! Ye Gods how she would talk."

Best example of perpetual motion in M. H. S. Quiet only when she sleeps. Has lots of "pep" and is a good supporter of the team. Finished High in 3½ years.

Sarah Ortman

"Oh keep me innocent! Make others great."

A faithful follower of History. Maybe she takes more interest in Ancient conquerors than in modern heroes. Little, but, oh my!

Ruth Postance

"Her dimples are tiny wells of laughter."

We understand that Ruth has no time for High School fellows, as "Doc" seems to monopolize it. She is noted for her sunny smile and takes an active part in all class doings. Member of the S. O. U.

Sammuel Warren

"A man he seems of cheerful yesterday and confident tomorrow."

Well liked by the whole school. Pitcher on Base Ball team in 1921. A "shark" in his studies. We understand he is very popular with the ladies. Senior Six.

Floyd McMahon

"I've done my duty and I've done no more."

One of the nice looking boys of the class. There seems to be a dispute on South Main Street as to which one is going to get him. Sort of quiet in school,but you'd be surprised. Went to Conneautville H. S., but liked us better so came to M. H. S. to graduate.

Francis Greenwalt—"Francie"

"A mind at peace with the world."

The girl with the pretty curls and one of the few smart ones of which the class is proud. They say she is not a lover of the opposite sex, but then we a great deal about "Bob." Francis, we think you are too old to have the measles.

Helen Bitler

"Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none could tell."

Dr. Clawson simply couldn't do his work if it weren't for Helen. For the last two years she has worked "between terms" in his office. She's a friend of everyone's and is seldom seen without Ruth Postance. Attends Sunday School and League, regularly. "There's a reason."

Dorothy Mason

"Her graceful ease and sweetness void of pride
Might hide her faults, if faults she had to hide."

Took the Commercial Course and made it pay by being a stenographer to the Business Manager. Popular with the Faculty but her ready smile would make her popular anyplace. A great friend of the president of the Junior Class. Treats him. O. K. Wonder why she takes meals at the Alba?

Edith Veith—"Edie"

"Like a circle ending never,
Does my tongue go on forever."

Loves all the fellows, especially Johnnies. Famous for her sunny smile. Delights in kidding the Freshies and Sophs. Member of the Girls Basket Ball squad. Finishing High School in three and a half years. Entertained the Seniors at her cottage at Conneaut Lake.

Helen Limber

"Much wisdom often goes with fewest words."

Is Helen Limber? She must be to have escaped five schools with her life. She joined us as a Sophmore and has never been known to create a disturbance.

Ellis Hall

"Oh this learning, what a terrible thing it is."

The Faculty have tried for years to persuade Ellis to wait to graduate until the new H. S. was completed, but Ellis was deaf to their entreaties and insisted that he must graduate while he was able to walk across the stage to receive his diploma. Manager of the Foot Ball team and played.

Bryce McMichael

"Laugh at your friends and if your friends are sore
All the better you may laugh the more."

One of the pool sharks of M. H. S. Seems to have a stand in with Miss McKay. He shows the strain of four years of Latin.

Alice Townsend

"She was fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will but never loud."

Known everywhere by her laugh and giggle. Takes an active part in all Class affairs. Vice President of High Student Club. Plays the piano in morning chapel. Purchasing Agent for circus.

Doris Burchfield

"The only way to have a friend is to be one."

Always seen at Class meetings but more seen than heard. Doesn't seem to favor the opposite sex of Meadville Hi, but she does Byham. Classiest blonde in the class.

Virginia Phylone Robinson

"To skip a class was the joy of her life."

"The Candy Kid" of M. H. S. Faithful standby of Miss Russel's but her stitches can't be found. Always careful for fear of harmin' somebody.

Kenneth McClintock

"Dice will run the contrary way
As well is known to those who play."

From the rural district. Seldom seen only in school. One of our "star" four year Latin pupils. The girls would like to know where you get those rosy cheeks, Ken. Won't you reveal the secret?

Frances Veith

A very likeable girl. Where we see Fran a bobbed-hair Miss is always present. Her admirers among the other sex, live in Greenville and Grove City, also likes a certain "D" on the hill. Wears a nice "shiner" on her left hand; looks bad Fran. N-o-i-s-e, she can make it at the games for such a frail girl (?).

Virgil Calvin

Likes out of town school teachers. We reccommend he try a home product. Foot Ball letter man for four years. Heard his country's call and joined the Navy during the war.

Senior Class History

Ours was probably the only class that ever entered M. H. S. who had no trouble in getting settled. Infact, we Freshmen had less trouble in arranging schedules, finding register teachers, class rooms, etc., than the high and mighty Juniors of that year (at least we think so). However, we do admit we were ignorant in some things for some of us mistook our principal, Mr. Naegle, for one of the Seniors.

That was the year when everyone was busy with war activities. We were in parades about once every week and 'tho we did out best to escape, the faculty as a rule managed to drag us out in the end. It was our class that presented the service flag to the school with impressive ceremonies under the direction of Miss I. Carroll and we were justly proud of it.

Also we planned a picnic in June but the scarcity of chaperons prevented us from having it.

The next year we started as usual, but—First of all we had our great Sophmore-Freshman Fight (Tenth Grade-Ninth Grade Battle, if you like). That was a beautiful fracas, the only one of it's kind held in years. It took place on Terrace Street, both sides fighting bravely. None were killed and only a few were injured but we will have to confess that a couple of the boys (the slower type) were taken to the City Hall for the night. The battle of course was thought to be ours and the town was sprinkled with posters. The next day, in Chapel, Mr. Sargent arose and spoke feelingly yet satirically of our conduct the night before. He also ordered the girls not to speak to the boys as punishment. But would we deprive them of our smiles? Never!

That same year we had a dandy circus in which Dabby originated a stunt never employed in such an affair—she tamed fierce night-crawlers.

We had no class activities that year since we were merely "tenth-graders" but we did our share in the school affairs.

The next year, 1919-20, was the one when we became an organized class. The first party we had was an indoor weiner roast at Howick's. It was October's bright-rainy weather yet every one had a dandy time. There were about fifty altogether and we all squeezed in about six cars. Miss Prenatt, Miss McKay and Mr. Henry were our chaps and they sure were satisfactory that night (?). It was at this party that Ruth Elliott, our scholar, stepped out socially by dancing with George Sigendall.

Then came our party and dance at Kepner Hall. That night among other games and contests we presented the Great Cracker Race in which the eating ability of the contestants were tried.

In the Spring, another party at Kirkpatrick's and some excitement was caused by a report that some of the Seniors were coming out to scrap. They did arrive but were entirely harmless. The Virginia Reel was led by Miss Ferer and Red Dykes, Miss Prenatt and Jimmy Trace. It was carried off with pomp and ceremony.

Then came the May Day Prade in which our float represented "industry."

Our class had the Memorial Day Exercises with essays, recitations, and music by our quartet and the service flag was formally laid away in the safe.

In the first part of June we had our picnic up the "Cussie." There was lots of fun as well as lots to eat but also a hint of a tragedy. Victor (the one and only) endeavored to paddle his own canoe with three fair ones. In trying to land they tipped and the air was rent with the screams of Mabelle Popeney as she sank in fully two feet of water. Did she go to a watery grave?—No. Victor Martyn Cohen realized the peril she was in and waded out and saved her. Some dry clothes were found and soon Dicky Davis (one of the alumni) was officiating in the

drying of Mabelle's clothes over our wood fire. Thus ended our Junior year.

Our Senior year we started with a wiener roast ot Veith's cottage at Conneaut Lake in the fall. Some of the girls and fellows even broke the ice to take an evening dip and those hot-dogs surely tasted good that night.

Our Hallowe'en we had a party at Cunningham's where everyone had a fine time.

Then came our Senior-Junior party at the gym, with a High School orchestra and everybody.

The Freshman-Sophomore Dance was held at Library Hall, Friday Evening, May 20. It was a most enjoyable affair and much credit is due the committee.

Next will come our High School Circus and then our banquet, and commencement and then our High School days will be over and we will go forth on our different roads to conquer the world.

—Margaret Prather, Class Historian.

Senior Class Will

We, the class of 1921, Meadville High School, the city of Meadville, county of Crawford, and state of Pennsylvania, being of sound mind and disposing memories, do hereby make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills, bequests and devices of whatever nature by us made.

We do hereby bequeath:

The Old High School Building to the Crematory (if they can make any use of it, because nobody else can).

To the Biology Department of Allegheny College we leave any Mice, dead or alive, which may be found in this building (or in the immediate vicinity) after we leave.

Hymns No. 252, 258, 262 to a deaf and dumb asylum. These hymns are much worn by the daily usage, but might be used by inmates of such an institution.

The dances which we did not enjoy after Basket Ball games we leave to the class of 1932.

David Swaney's ideas of a gentleman to Joe Peiffley. (In case Joe feels he does not need them, he is free to return them to said David).

The pieces which Peg Prather cut from the bottom of her skirt from time to time to the Odd Fellows Home.

Tootie Steele's goloshes (with the polkadot lining) to the vaudeville stars at the Academy. From Tootie's experience we feel they cannot be worn in High School again.

Kenneth Landon's self-opinion to Donald Kightlinger.

Inez Miller's slimness to Katherine Cook.

John Brook's ability in French to Adelaide DeMaison. She will not feel the extra burden.

John Bate's devotion to Floyd Smith. In case Mr. Smith finds his duties too heavy he may call on Major McCluer who is experienced in this line.

The Steele-Kent mail line to First and Beers.

George Sigendall's "stand-in" with Miss H. Carroll to Charlotte Johns. (She needs it).

Francis Forbes' "Paderewski" hair to Jerome Hessler.

Ed Snyder's ability to shoot pennies and still look innocent to Ivan Davenport.

Laurence Green's girl to Roland Mahany, as we feel she will be lonesome now.

Wayne Luees oratorial ability to John Henrietta. ("Good Lord," etc.).

John Brooks' excuses to Donald Betts (Don evidently needs help, as so far he has not been able to "get his across").

Adelaide Thurston's "terpischorean art" to Margaret Heckler, on condition that she uses judgment as to "time and place."

Ruth Elliott's "gift of gab" to Margaret Arick with hope that she will make good use of it.

(Signed) Hesa Corps

Bury M. Deep

Ina Casket.

The Cry of Distress

If you look into our High School
On some busy week-day morn,
Just as we are changing classes,
All our hall-ways you will scorn.

For we're packed into them tighter
Than the sardines in a tin.
And the stairways are so crowded
That you'll surely bump your shin.

If you peek into some class-room
When we're busy with our work,
You'll find us all so very hot
That we'd really like to shirk.

If we weren't such little angels
We would surely all rebel,
When we're crowded and we're roasted—
Well, some day we will rebel!

O kind citizens of Meadville!
Won't you heed our tearful cry,
When we're all so very anxious
For a brand new Meadville High?

For a building large and roomy,
With broad halls and stairways too,
Where we never will be roasted?—
We will bless you if you do!

—Ruth A. Elliott, '21.

High School Orchestra

Mary Louise Bond, Directress.

Catherine Hendershot
John Henrietta
Edgar Hilgeendorf
Robert Hintz
Robert Jacobs
James McIlvaine
Harold Morton
Paul Morton
Lois Powell
Mary Josephine Webb
Mabel Cunningham
Agnes Davidson
Wallace Davis
Stanley DeVille
Robert Dollison
Elizabeth Ellis
Francis Forbes
Lawrence Gilvair

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Editorial

He who tries to do something and fails is vastly superior to him who does nothing at all and beautifully succeeds.

Success

The great trouble is in our high school is the attitude of the fellow who does nothing and fails. Public sentiment goes a long way toward the success of any measure but the public sentiment that sneers at anothers effort will certainly not cause much of that effort to be put forth.

We send out this issue of the Red and Black as the best we could produce. It represents many hours work on the part of every member of the staff. We have done our best, we are proud of this issue. We think it speaks for itself as an issue Larger, Better, On Time, with More Illustrations than any heretofore published.

The new members on our Staff are very enthusiastic and expect the school to applaud our efforts but we know better. We have served on High School papers before. We now see the sneers of some of our should-be boosters, the sarcastic remarks of the critics and that "know-it-all" air of the High School people who have in no way helped us and never offered any assistance.

Many movements in the high school have failed for the same reason—lack of support, not always financial support, but school spirit. We need it and we need it badly. Don't be one of those people who do nothing beautifully and succeed. M. H. S. may not appreciate you if you try to do something and fail but you will get the habit and you will not always fail. Success comes to the fellow who can the most endure.

* * *

Athletics for Girls

We wish to state that the girl's Basket Ball team cleared over eighty dollars in the season. The Athletic Association refused to sponsor the movement, although as many girls paid a quarter to join this Association as boys and the girls get no return for their quarters. Our girl's Basket Ball team furnished all their own equipment. They ran all their financial affairs, and yet they paid their bills, put out a good team, and made money.

The Athletic Association are surely a wiser organization when this goes to press and also a poorer organization by eighty dollars. The girls were willing at the beginning of the season to run their affairs under the Association's management, but the Association feared they would go in debt. Some times it pays to take a chance.

* * *

Dress

The High School of Columbus, Ohio took a vote in their student body and by an overwhelming majority decided in favor of sensible dress for girls. At St. Paul, Minn., in one High School the girls decided to wear uniforms consisting of blue skirts and middies. Many of the High in New York have adopted the slogan: No More Rouge. Give your skin a chance to heal. Get color and a good complexion by exercise, right living, plenty of air, good food.

We have quoted the above as samples of what other high schools have done. Why not ours? There are some girls in our high school who, to quote "David Harum" "do not wear clothes enough to wad a gun." Their skirts are too short and their stockings rolled down. Really if they lived in the slum districts of New York the Associated Charities would take up collections to dress the "Poor Suffering Children." Are they respectable? We say yes. Respected? We doubt it. It does not add anything to a girl of high school age to dress like a "Scotch Kiltie" and surely it is no add for M. H. S.

Rouge must be purchased by the quart by some of the students and powder would be cheaper if bought by the ton. Remember good exercise, as right living, plenty of fresh air will do more for the complexion than all the cosometics known. We trust that another year will find the girls of M. H. S. a year older, a year wiser, and on the way to sensible dress. This applies to only a few.

Our thanks are due to the merchants who advestised with us, to the Student body who contributed material to the paper and particularly to Charles Haas, our assistant manger, who conceived the idea of having dinner at the Staff meetings once a month. Heretofore these meetings have been all work form seven P. M., until eleven, but Charles conceived the idea of having the meeting call at four P. M., and dinner served at six. Much work has been accomplished this way and the Staff have enjoyed two very pleasant meetings. Our thanks are also due to Mr. Brown, who made Charle's idea possible by granting the Staff the use of the cooking school. But most of all do we owe our thanks to Miss Isabelle Carroll who has made it possible to put this Red and Black out, as well as the previous High School Annuals; and without whom the Students would be fortunate if they received this book by December 25, 1922.

Thank You

ELIZABETH CHARLTON JOHN HENRIETTA GLADYS SCHADE

* * *

A "Modern Problems Club" could also be organized with much benefit to the classes. The History and Civic teachers complain that extracting current events from History and Civics classes is a job not for a teacher but for a first class dentist. Why not organize a club and try the painless method? The greatest agent in educating the modern boy or girl, man or woman, is the newspaper. Yet a number of Freshies admitted that the only thing of interest in a newspaper was the "Duffs." This club could meet every two weeks, occassionally dinner or luncheon could be served and the topics of the day discussed. Papers on things of special note could be read in chapel and so help educate the rest of the school. The new Intelligence Tests for college entrance have over fifty per cent. of the questions taken from information easily gleaned from the newspapers and current magazine. More advancement has been made in education, reform, etc., in the last twenty years than was made in the three hundred years previous. Why not study Current Events? Do we need a Modern Problems Club? Yes ! ! When do we need it? NOW !

Modern Problems Club

"To dance or not to dance that is the question." We strolled into a class one day in high school where the causes of crime were being discussed and also the remedies. All agreed that one cause was the public dance, and all suggested that as a remedy dancing under proper supervision should be recommended. Such people as Judge Ben Lindsay, Jane Adams, Thos. M. Osborne were quoted as suggesting that dancing be taught in all High Schools and all Junior High Schools; — that dances should be held at least one evening a week, with good music under the supervision of the schools. Why not try it? The gymnasium offers a place; a good dancing teacher could be hired, and dancing would reach at least 90% of the student body where our athletics do not reach more than 20%. Econoomics say the Greatest Good to the Greatest Number.

The Dance

* * *

Orchestra

The Orchestra is necessary to the High School. When our new High School is completed this worthy organization will have a 'regular' place to preform, which will much enhance the beauty of our weekly entertainments. Many thanks are due Miss Bond for her perseverance. The Orchestra added much to the enjoyment of two of our Basket Ball games, and it is up to the whole school to give three cheers and a tiger for our musical organization.

* * *

Senior Play

What has become of our dramatic ability? Is it still here? Decidedly "Yes." We have had two exhibitions of its presence in chapel this year and nothing was more appreciated. The pupils who took part in the two plays showed as much if not more ability than other high schools. Why can't we have a Senior play? Some say the theatre costs too much. It does but we shouldn't be obliged to rent a theatre. We should have an auditorium in the high school but since we haven't we have to rent the only one in town. It has been shown the enough money can be made to pay all expenses and have a bonus of one or two hundred dollars. Yes, we know some people don't believe that but then is money everything? Where is the pep and push that used to be here? Is it gone? No, but what chance have we to show it? Do we have the privileges of other schools? Do we have a glee club, a dramatic club, or a literary club? No, and why Not? Do we have dances? Shocking, shocking. Do we give concerts like other schools? No, we haven't any of the equipment we should have. We can act. We can sing. We can play musical instruments but nobody knows it. Wake up, Meadville, and give us our rights. A dramatic club should be organized in the high school. The charter members could be drawn from the student body taking an interest in dramatics and then new members added whenever students showed ability along that line. Short plays, acts from standard plays, selections from Shakespeare, etc., could be staged monthly by this society and add much to the Chapel activities. Even if we are not able to go into our new high school by next September, we can get such a club started and be able to put on a first class play to open the new building. All we want is a leader. Somebody to organize the same. Are you the Somebody?

A Dramatic Club

Literary

Say It With Flowers

(First Prize)

There was no doubt about it; Tommie Crane Jr., at nineteen, was hopelessly, painfully, and unmistakably bashful. He would nearly choke to death in an attempt to 'make conversation' with some of his sister's friends: his hands always played strange tricks on him when he was going through an introduction, turning from hot to clammy cold; and there was usually a slight weakness about his knees. But the worst part of it was that the whole family seemed to be conspiring and plotting ways and means to cure him. Altogether it was terrifying!

On this particular night, "Sis" had unexpectedly 'roped him in' to play escort to some out-of-town girl at the informal Club dance. It was almost eight when Tommie struggled into his tuxedo. He managed as far as the tie, and after many frantic twists and jerks succeeded in making it look like mussed up, wilted string about his neck. Much disgusted and with a very red face, he appeared before his Mother. After a few deft pats here and there, she surveyed him.

—You look very nice Tommie, now-DON'T FUSS! A groan repaid her efforts as Tommie pulled from his pocket a handkerchief to mop his face. Then:

—You needent be surprised at anything that happens tonight, he warned her,—Why I never saw the girl before, how d'you expect me to know what to say to her? Perfect stranger! Why—. By this time his hands were waving wildy. —Supposing she is one of those giddy, grinning, kind and——

A motor horn sounded outside. His Mother fairly pushed him from the room, and with a last desperate glance in the hall mirror, he seized a soft hat from the rack and was gone. The words still rang in his ears: —Now DON'T Fuss!—

The two large punch bowls were placed at one corner of the hall, and were surrounded by groups of younger club members. Everyone was having a gay time except—poor Tommie. He piloted a small, dark girl across the floor in miserable silence. He was thinking deeply. 'Why didn't she say something anyway?—This walking around with a Mummy was worse than the usual chatterbox.' He turned to her abruptly.

—Oh, 'er, are you enjoying yourself, Miss 'er—(Great Scott, he had forgotten her name!) He floundered helplessly, and his ears grow hot. Waiting, he expected to hear her laugh at his embarrasment. But she diden't—

—My name is Amy Ashton,—she said simply. Tommie

heard nothing more. The next few minutes passed for him as a nightmare. He remembered dipping out a full glass of punch for her when someone jostled his elbow, and he found himself watching a stream of the red liquid trickle down the front of Miss Ashton's dress. The girls crowded around her and Tommie stood in open mouthed astonishment. Suddenly it dawned upon him—Now he had done it!—He bolted through the crowd and gasped in the ear of a friend:

—You gotta take her home, she'll never speak to me again. Never! I'm off this Society stuff for life. Never again—I'm going.——

The following morning Tommie met his sister's accusing eyes across the breakfast table.

—I have my opinion of a man who spoils a girls evening, then bolts, she said without ceremony. Tommie savagely dug his spoon in his half a grapefruit and said nothing. His Mother appeared from the next room. She carried in her hand a small square, white envelope.

—When you finish your breakfast Tommie, please take this card to Blanks, the Florist and ask him to carry out the instructions which I gave by 'phone this morning,—and Tommie, Don't fuss about last night.

Tommie got up and grabbed the card without looking at it. —Don't fuss! he mocked,—when everyone is down on you. Huh.—He turned to his sister. —You would be better if you didn't Fuss. That Miss Ashton didn't; even if I did ruin her dress.

He left the room as his Mother and sister exchanged glances. Mrs. Crane nodded to herself as she started for the kitchen.

—I guess that will fix it, she said half aloud.

—Fix what? asked Tommie's sister.

—He doesn't know whose card is in the envelope nor to whom it is going; along with a made up bunch of violets and rose buds I ordered, she added mysteriously.

Tommie's sister looked puzzled. Then a light broke out on her face.

—Oh, I'll bet after I told you about it last night that you thought up a way for him to apologize, is that it? Mrs. Crane laughed.

—He 'said it with flowers'—but he doesent know anything about it.

About three o'clock that afternoon the 'phone rang. It was for Tommie. He appeared from the depths of an arm chair and answered. An unfamiliar voice came to his ears.

—This is Amy Ashton, and I want to thank you for those wonderful flowers. It was such a nice way to say you were sorry about my dress, you know. I—

A dazed expression passed over Tommie's face. He thought franticaly that this must be a practical joke someone was playing on him. She was about to finish.

He collected his wits . The word 'your card' came to him. Then it all came back in a flash. There was a short pause when he found himself shouting into the mouth piece.

"—Oh thats all right Miss Ashton, I thought you'd never forgive me n' all that sort of thing. But—what's that? Oh! you are going back home next week? Well I'm sorry, 'er I mean have you any evening open before then? Great! I'll be out tomorrow then. Thanks. Goodbye!

He turned around to find his Mother standing behind him.

—Well I say—he began excitedly.

"Say it with flowers" she teased him.

—You bet, the best bowkay in town is coming your way if I have anything to say, he reminded her, and hurried out the front door.

—Norma Thomas, '21.

A Story Without a Name

(Second Prize)

Hey, yuh bum, get up."

At first I couldn't think where I was, but suddenly I remembered. It was my cousin, Bill North, who was shaking me. We had come out to the woods early in the summer, to camp for a while together before our parents came out to stay in the cabin, which was only about half a mile from where we were. I opened my eyes and realized that it was night.

"What in the Sam Hill," I mumbled. "Why can't you let a fellow sleep?"

Bill didn't answer, but what was worse, grabbed my feet and hauled me for about ten feet over the none too smooth floor of the forest. I managed to get the dirt and leaves out of my mouth, and yelled for him to stop before he got to Mexico.

"Why for?" Iqueried. "It isn't time to get up yet."

"Supposin' you cast your eyes to the east," he answered. "Maybe you can see 'why for."

I did as he suggested, and to my surprise the whole sky was lighted with a lurid, red glow.

"A fire!" I gulped. "Do you suppose it's the cabin?"

"Dunno," he muttered. "I hope it isn't the forest."

I scrambled inside of a few clothes and put on my shoes, not stopping to lace them. When I had finished I saw that Bill, who was ready first, now had several objects in his hands.

"Take this," he said, and shoved his camera into my waiting hands. "Maybe we'll get a picture."

While we were running along the ill defined path he was fastening a flash sheet on the holder, and shipped me the filter to put on the lens, in case we had to take a picture facing the fire.

As we got nearer and nearer to the source of the red glow, it grew hotter and hotter. At last we could hear the flames crackling, and see them through the trees. We were almost to the clearing around the cabin (owned jointly by Bill's father and mine) when we saw that it was, in fact, the cabin which was burning.

The cabin stood in the center of a large open space, and was made from the trees felled to make the clearing. Suddenly Bill clutched my arm.

"Look!" he said. I did, and saw a man run from the burning building.

"Open the shutter." I did, just as the man rushed along the path, not a ward from us. The next instant, a blinding glare from the lighted flash sheet lit up the forest around us. Then the light went out and I closed the shutter on the camera. I heard the man stop, then run on faster than ever. Neither of us had gotten a good look at the man's face, but something about the coat seemed familiar to me.

All we could do was stand there and watch the cabin burn. As it approached dawn, the fire began to die down, and as the roof and walls had long since fallen in, we left for camp, after having made sure that the fire could not spread to the nearby forest.

That afternoon we hiked five miles to the village, wrote to our fathers about the loss of the cabin, and urged the local photographer to develop the film as soon as possible. He informed us that he could not have it done before two days. After notifying the local police authorities of the loss and telling them of the strange man, we hiked back to camp.

When we got there, it was too late to follow the trail of the fugitive, so that was postponed till the next day.

Bright and early the next morning we left for the scene

of the fire. There was nothing there but a low heap of cold, gray ashes.

After scouting around from the place where we had snapped the picture, we struck the trail and started to follow it. Sure enough, just a few steps after we took it up, the trail showed that the fugitive had turned for a minute, and then it led into some bushes and down a long ravine.

After a while we came to a spring along the side, and from there on there were two trails, as if someone had come to the spring and then gone back. So we concluded, for several reasons, among the most important of which was the fact that the tracks appeared to be made by the same shoe, that all were made by the man we were trailing.

We followed on till the trail led out of the ravine. Shortly after this it stopped on bare rock at the foot of a large hill which we knew contained numerous caves, so many, in fact, that we deemed it useless to look among them after failing to pick up the trail. Either the man was hiding among them, or had just stopped for one night.

The next day we went to the village and got the picture. It showed the fleeing man clearly, but his face was turned away. Bill gasped in amazement.

"Why," he said. "Don't you remember. That's Joe Martin's coat." Joe Martin had been handy man around the cabin the year before.

"Yep," I affirmed, "it's his all right. See those two old patches on the side?"

"Say—" Bill turned me facing him. "Two weeks ago dad told Joe that, if he wished, he might come out to the cabin before the folks came. And in dad's last letter he said that Joe had gone. Do you suppose it's he?"

"Dunno," I reflected (I liked Joe a lot)." I don't think he'd run away—but still it might be he."

Neither of us said anything for a time, and walked toward camp, slowly. Suddenly Bill spoke.

"You go on to camp and get supper. I'll take a short-cut and see if he's been to the spring again. I'll be back before dark.

Then he left me and I went on to camp and did as he had suggested. When the meal was nearly prepared he came running breathlessly into camp, face dirty, and looking generally ruffled.

"I—met him," he managed to say. "He jumped out on me from behind a thicket. I tried to fight, but he got away."

"Huh," was all I could say.

"I didn't see his face," Bill went on. "Listen,—I've got a plan." He pulled me closer to him and disclosed its possibilities to me. I was dubious, but agreed to help him.

After dark, taking some rope and the camp axe, we both set out for the ravine, returning some time later. After resting a few minutes we hiked to the village, rousted out the sheriff, and took him back with us.

When we reached camp it was after midnight, but, as we didn't expect our plan to work until near morning, we rested there for some time. Finally, however, we set out again for the ravine, taking our camp lamp with us. We stopped before coming to the spring, and waited.

The sun had risen in the east, when up the trail we heard one stone hit another, and then a twig snap with a loud sound which, however, came rather faintly to us. Silence— then the stillness was broken by a profound whoop and sounds of scuffling. Our trick had worked!

Accompanied by the sheriff we hastened up the trail. Rounding the bend, a strange sight was presented to us,— but it was what we expected.

A man lay with all of his body on the ground except one foot, which was gripped by a rope, tied to the bent top of a strong, springy, sapling.

Bill and I, the night before, had set a twitch-up trap, made by tying one end of a rope to the top of a springy sapling (which, by the way, took all our strength to bend over sufficiently), fastening it to a figure-four (so called

because it is shaped like one), and leaving a loop spread out on the ground.

As we had hoped, he did not see the figure-four, the loop, or the bent sapling, in the early light, and with one foot in the loop had bumped the figure-four, allowing the sapling to spring up, taking one foot with it.

Before he could resist he was handcuffed. The coat he wore was surely Joe Martin's, but just as surely the man was not he.

We returned to the village with the sheriff and the prisoner, and saw the latter safely in the lock-up. Our duty was done.

On the way back we stopped at the post office, and Bill got a letter from his father. As we walked along he read it. Suddenly he spoke.

"Look-y here," he said, pointing to the letter. "This explains it."

I did as he commanded, and read the following:

"I thought it might be Joe Martin, at first," I read, "until yesterday I got a letter from him, in which he said that he had been called home on account of his mother's illness. If you learn anything, write immediately."

Bill did, and the return letter brought great praise from his father.

Evidently Joe had intended to come back, leaving his old coat, and our prisoner had appropriated it.

Before the season was over, we had a new cabin, far better than the old one. Every time that I visited the little spring in the ravine, now, I can't help but remember our escapade there.

—John Henrietta, '23.

Says the Draftsman

I

High School girls who sharpen pencils at the window facing east
Are quite ready for flirtation if encouraged in the least.
So when a romantic draftsman gives one of these girls a smile
She receives it and seems willing to remain in sight awhile.

II

When a draftsman's salutation is observed by such a lass
She is flattered for a moment and forgets about her class.
And she gives but slight attention to her pencil pointing then
As coquettishly she shows she likes attention from the men.

III

In these innocent flirtations there is little to condemn,
For young women like romance—it is esteemed by all of them.
Let the girls have their enjoyment 'till their conduct's disapproved
And relentlessly, some teacher has the sharpener removed.

Says the Faculty

I

As for High School girls' flirtations with the Erie office men,
The girls are not the only ones the teachers would condemn.
Each time one nears the window to the sharpener to go
Most twenty heads will bob right up and grins begin to show

II

When these draftsman's grins and salutations are observed by all our lasses
Certainly it is no wonder, they forget about their classes.
For the grins and nods and becks and smiles that greet her as she stands
Are enough to make her speechless and forget to use her hands.

III

We shall leave the pencil pointers in the windows facing east,
For the boys must have amusement and it furnishes, at least,
Just a little fun—diversion from the cares and toils of day,
And the teachers shouldn't worry if the draftsmen draw their pay.

Epilogue.

As for innocent flirtations, which when mild, we don't condemn
I am wondering who likes romance—Just the girls
Or also men.

Deacon Slikerback's Trip to New York

Honorable Mention. Sarah Fields, '24.

Wall, the crops were all taken care of; the threshing all done, and everything put away for the winter. So we thought, Mirandy and me, would run down to the great city of New York we had been hearin' so much about of late.

Mirandy, she's been a-savin' her butter 'n egg money up, so she could get some new clothes to take this trip with, and I sold two cows so we'd have enough to pay our railroad fare with. Mirandy packed our change of clothes in our Carpet bag. We caukalated to give Abner's folks a surprise by coming down this fall. Abner—he's my wife's first cousin. You know them folks up there have sent us a letter every year for us to come to the great city.

So the day came and the hired man hitched old Dobbin to the light crackie and we drove off. Well we got preety nigh town when Mirandy exclaimed: "Oh! Ezra, you know what I've gone and done. I've forgot that "Camp Fire" bottle. I just went to work and polished it up. You know Lavinie gave it to me, and I've had it all these years." I tried to tell her we could get along without it but no, wimmen's nature, we had to turn around and go back and get it. We got to the Railroad station, and got our satchel and Mirandy's "Campfire" bottle, and the bird in the bird cage unloaded, when we saw the lo-co-mo-tive whistling around the bend.

We got aboard the cars, and got our things upon a rack above our heads, that's where the trainman told us to put our things. You know there was sich a crowd that we had to just grab our seats. Well any away we just got settled, and I was watching, out the car window, how many fields of hay were not mowed, when Mirandy, she wanted a drink. So I undertook to find her one, after making several inquiries I found that the drinking water was in a good sized tin can hitched on the wall of the car, so the next question was to find something to drink out of. While I was waiting there, and looking all around, the feller that bossed the hull car, said, "Why there's your drinking cups." And what you spose they were? They were little white folded up paper concerns! Now what next! Drinking out of paper glasses! I took the drink back to Mirandy, but when I got there the car joggled so that I spilt half of it on Mirandy's new Dolman.

Well I got in my seat and was looking out the winder when Mirandy said: "Oh! I'm glad we went back and got that "Campfire" bottle, for my head is acking fit to kill." So I got up and got if for her, and once more I got settled down beside of her.

When I first got aboard that train of cars. I noticed a man, friendly looking like. He reminded me of Si Haskins, back home in Pumkin Center. I commenced a-talking to him, about the rain-clouds that was in the sky, when Mirandy all nervous like, was a-hunching me, telling me to watch out, that that man looked just like t feller that was hung years ago for robbin' a man, and for me to watch out that he was a swindler, and would cut my throat for my money before ever I got to New York. I knew 'twas no such thing, but to keep peace in the family I turned about with full attentions to Mirandy.

The train rolled along and Mirandy saw she felt sort of sleepy-like, so she nestled her head back on my shoulder and I'll be gol-blinked if we didn't both fall asleep and never know a thing more till we heard the most awful calamity—men a-hollern: "Cars for Uptown, Crosstown, Coney Island," "Taxi-cabs for all hotels." "Ferries for Newark," and I jumped up and rubbed my eyes for I thought I was in Fairy-land. But the first thing Mirandy said was: "Ezra see is you got your pocket book." I looked, and it was still there.

This will be continued, for in my next letter I will tell of my great experiences in New York.

Help One Another

"Help one another," the snowflake said,
As they huddled down in their fleecy bed;
"One of us here would not be felt,
One of us here would quickly melt.
But I will help you and you help me,
And then what a big white drift we'll see."

"Help one another," the maple spray
Said to his fellow leaves one day;
The sun would wither me here alone,
Long enough ere the day is gone;
But I'll help you and you help me
And then what a splendid shade there'll be."

"Help one another," the dew-drop cried,
Seeing another drop close to its side;
"The warm south breeze would dry me away,
And I should be gone ere noon today;
But I'll help you and you help me,
And we'll make a brook run to the sea."

"Help one another," a grain of sand
Said to another grain at hand;
"The wind may carry me over the sea,
And then, O, what will become of me?
But come, my brother, give me your hand,
We'll build a mountain and there we'll stand."

And so the snowflakes grew to drifts
The grains of sand to mountains,
The leaves became a pleasant shade,
The dew-drops fed the fountains.

The Reckoning

(With apologies to Service)

It's fine to talk and have fun in all your classes
With the good fellows and all of those pretty lasses;
To cut on periods every day and continually skip from school,
Go to the shows and candy stores and do nothing but fool,
It's bully to do all these things just about as you will
But it's quit another matter when
Pay the Bill

It's great to bluff the teachers in chem. or math. or history,
To come to class every day with always the same old story;
To drift along regardless, have a good time every trip,
To miss your lessons always, and let your chances slip,
To know you're acting foolish, yet go on fooling still
Till exams. call a show down and you
Pay the Bill

Every study's got a little bill, get wise while you may
For the back work's piling up in the most alarming way;
The things you had no right to do, the lessons you should of done
They're all in teacher's little book and you'll pay for every one
So bluff, flunk and cut classes, copy till you get your fill,
But Heaven help you when exams comes and you
Foot the Bill

Phebe E. Feivre.

Dan Brown, Jr.

(Honorable Mention)

It was growing late but Pa Brown did not notice it as he sat 'neath the grape arbor. On the knee of his working trousers lay an envelope and in his hand he held a letter. His face lit up with a peculiar smile as he read the letter again, now for the third time. "Dear Dad," it began. Danny always called him Dad. "I am to graduate this spring and would like to have you come. There is a scholarship offered in oration and I am going to try for it. Expect to see you soon. Your son, Dan." Pa thought he would go to please Danny, for Danny was his chum as well as son.

Pa Brown had never been to the city before and he was a little nervous as he sat in his seat in the day coach

At last the porter opened the door and bellowed the name of the city and Pa hustled out.

When he got to the platform he was bewildered, there were so many people. Danny soon found him and they went to the boarding house where Danny was staying and Danny told him of his ambitions.

In the evening Pa was left to find his seat in the big auditorium.

He found his seat well near the front and prepared himself to hear Danny win.

Carefully he listened to the efforts of the young men but thought that none could come up to Danny.

Then it happened that just as the Chairman was announcing, "Mr. Daniel Brown," a curl of smoke arose back of the platform, then someone in front yelled "Fire!" and then came a terrific rush for the doors.

The large doors were built to swing inward and the mob kept pressing at them while the fire kept getting under way.

Suddenly he heard Danny's voice shouting, "Football men this way," and then heard the signals "31-42-36-28" given by the same voice and there was a crash as he beheld the football men forcing the crowd away from the doors by center rushes.

He recognized Danny's cool voice and beside himself with fear for Danny he rushed into the mob into safety, while the firemen put the blaze out.

Two days later Pa Brown sat in a hospital where Danny lay with a broken leg.

He pulled a letter from his pocket and read to Danny: "Mr. Daniel Brown, We beg to inform you of your appointment to Yale college. We like men who can think fast and then act. Congratulations. (signed) Committee."

With a wan smile Dan, Jr., closed his eyes in contentment while Pa blew his nose loudly as the tears welled in his eyes.

—Chas. Hines., '23.

The Same Old Story

(Honorable Mention)

Two of the girls had come to my house to study the next day's lessons together. I groaned inwardly when I saw them, for I knew from experience just how much we would accomplish. This was about the way we usually sounded—

"'All Gaul is divided'—Oh, girls, did you hear about Sally?" from Kathleen.

"No, what? Is it about last night?"

"Yes, she went to the dance with Chuck—! What do you suppose has happened to her?"

"That's nothing, Kathie, listen to this—Lucille has asked Bob for that sorority dance!"

"Honest, Polly? What next?"

"Latin next, I should say," this severely from me. I don't take much stock in the girls' jealous gossip, but I hate to refuse them anything so they usually do about as they please with me. "Now, Pauline, if it's not too much trouble will you kindly look up 'quarum' and maybe we'll get done before midnight."

"Alright, here it is: 'Quarum', genitive plural of qui, quae, quod' Didn't Mary look terrible today? I wish she'd fix her hair the other way and don't you think Betty should lengthen her skirts? They're actually a disgrace to the school. It's a wonder to me that the principal hasn't spoken to her about them. And she wore goo-loshes unfastened all winter. Well, have you got that sentence yet?"

Followed a few minutes of diligent search for words we should have known a year ago. Suddenly Polly broke loose again.

"Did you hear what Miss McK— said to me in Study Hall when she caught me copying Mary's Latin? And Miss D— gently firmly called me down because I didn't know my lesson. How could I be expected to know it when no one would give theirs? Oh, I hate school!"

"For my part I think you deserved it. You know perfectly well that you went to the movies instead of studying, and a person who doesn't even try to get their lessons can hardly expect their teachers and friends to drag them through out of love. I hereby declare I won't give my lessons to anyone who hasn't at least tried to get theirs.'

Here Kathleen cast a scornful glance at Pauline, who was touching up her lips, altho they certainly didn't need any more attention of that sort.

"I declare, Polly, you remind me of a joke I read. She— Why didn't you tell me I had a dab of rouge on my nose? He— Well, how do I know where you want to wear that complexion?"

"I was surprised at this outburst from Kathie, because the two were usually the best of friends. But Polly calmly ignored her and continued her beautifying. I felt it was time to say something, for the affair had gone far enough.

"I'll join you on that no-borrowing act, Kathie to refuse so I hope no one asks me. I agree with you that anyone who is that lazy deserves to flunk. Shake on it."

Still Polly ignored us and things became rather strained, but soon the girls rose to go. Kathleen reminded me.

"Remember now, no matter what excuses are offered don't give any help. It really isn't fair to the other students."

That was rather funny coming from Kathleen because she almost never considers the rights of others. And with more assurances of our agreement we parted.

First thing in study hall the next day Pauline nonchalantly asked for my Latin. After a moment's hesitation I boldly refused. Then she turned to Kathie who immediately handed hers over, apparently without a thought for our solemn decision of the day before.

Oh, what's the use—?

—Betty Hammett, '23.

"Let's Go, Meadville!"

(Third Prize)

"Yea Team!" That phrase, that very sound, Oh how often had I heard it before. But as I stood gazing at the crowd surrounding the basketball floor I wondered if that crowd would leave the building as happy and as full of pep as they had entered, in short, whether "Yea Team" would win or lose.

I would have thought of more things too, but a shrill sound of a whistle prevented it. As I heard that sound I knew in an instant that I must put my whole heart and soul in this game in order that "Yea Team" might win. The man with the whistle came and got me and after a few minutes I was tossed straight up in the air, the whistle blew again and then I was knocked down towards the opponents basket. The game had begun and I was knocked here and there with a little time to rest when toss-ups were called.

For some unknown reason I was taken back to center again. My old friend, the center, one of the "Yea Team" gave me such a knock on the head that this time I went right into the hands of the captain who, before I could calculate where I was, sent me flying in the direction of home. I struck some wood, then ran around an iron ring twice,—I must go in—the net grazed my side—a great shout—somebody picked me up. I was taken back to center again and was ready to make another jump into the air, when a whistle from the audience was heard telling me that the first quarter was up. As the referee carried me off the floor I chanced to look at the score which read 2-0 in favor of "Yea Team."

At the beginning of the last quarter one of the opponents grabbed hold of me and just naturally sliped me through the net. It was then that I realized that I wasn't playing the game, that I wasn't fighting for "Yea Team" like I should be fighting. And in that instant I began to fight. The next time that I was thrown up into the air I leaned towards my captain in order that he might hit me. Hit me, well I'll say he hit me, so hard that I landed in my forwards hands who was standing under the basket. The very building shook with the shouts of the crowd as I went through the net Two minutes afterwards my center standing in the middle of the floor sent me flying right in the air. Whiz! Bang! would I go in or not? Zip! and I shot through. One more minute to play. Another basket must be made. The whistle blew up into the air I went but in coming down I landed on the floor and my guard tried to get me He almost had me when an opponent kicked me in the back. A foul for kicking, my captain took me and after a moment's pause he sent me into the air and I went straight through the net The whistle blew and the game ended with the score 7-6 in favor of "Yea Team."

In the second quarter no one on either team was able to hang on to me very well at first. But about two minutes before the whistle blew for the end of the second quarter one of the opponents sent me through the net making the score 2-2.

During the intermission I walked up and down the floor until a little boy came and got me. Some other boys seemed to enjoy my company also knocking me against the wall and sending me through the net once in a while. Also a cute little fellow wearing a white sweater came out on the

floor and led the audience through a few cheers.

After ten minutes the referee picked me up and at the sound of the whistle the game began again. The opposing center got the jump and sent me flying up in the air. As I came down two or three pairs of hands grabbed at me, but didn't remain dong with them as I was soon sent flying into the hands of another man, a stranger to me. He threw me down on the floor several times bruising me quite badly and then sent me bang against the backboard with such force that I went through the net. I heard my cap tain holler "Oh crap!" and I knew that he wasn't pleased with my work.

As I lay in a corner of the gynasium that night I realized that after all nobody had clapped me on the back for my splendid work not even my captain. But then as I am only a little basketball I may be thankful I can be of some service in this world. And if I always keep for my motto "Lets Go Meadville!" I am sure that "Yea Team" will always win and that the spectators will go away satisfied.

—Eleanor Davenport, '21

The Seniors

Four years ago we started,
We all were feeling fine;
We'd all made resolutions
To study all the time.
All went well and happy
The first three days or four,
But we soon found to our regret
That study was a bore.
There came our sophy year
We sure treated freshies tough
Till Prof. Sargent informed us
"You musn't be so rough."
The junior year dawned bright and gay
Rejoicing we were half-way through
All went well the first semester
But for the second that's hardly true
To our spiffy Junior Picnic
Victor came all right;
Four girls were soaked
Poor Victor was a sight.
And now our Senior year
Is nearing completion
We hope that each and every one
Will be worthy of their sheepskin.

—Harry Shuhart.

ATHLETICS
M
R-HALE.

Football Lineup

Left End	Calvin, Captain
Tackle	Sigendall
Left Guard	Mosbaucher, Dean
Center	Brooks
Right Guard	Luse, Marmen
Tackle	Humiston
Right End	Philps
Quarter	Hammett
Left Half	Peterson
Halfback	Peiffly, Pierce
Right Half	Judd
	Sub, Kent

M. H. S.	Score	Opponent	Score
M. H. S	0	Erie	35
M. H. S	0	Warren, O.	3
M. H. S.	13	Oil City	7
M. H. S	0	Conneaut, O.	20
M. H. S	0	Grove City	28
M. H. S.	7	Sharon	13
M. H. S.	14	Jamestown, N. Y.	0

PIEPER J.
JUDD L.
BROOKS J.
SIGENDALL O.
HOMESTON R.
LUCE W.
KENT I.
CALVIN V.
CAPT.
KERR N
COACH
PETERSON M.
CAPT. ELECT
HAMMETT C.
DEAN W.
HALL E.
MGR.
PHILIPPS W.
MARVEN T.
MOSBACHER V.
PIERCE W.

Girls Basket Ball Lineup

Right Forward.....Miss Davenport, Captain

Left Forward.....Miss Freund

Center.....Miss Prather, Manager

Right Guard.....Miss Hanaway Morrison

Left Guard.....Miss Jenkins, Hale

Coach—Miss Stoke.

M. H. S.	Score	Opponent	Score
M. H. S.	4	Greenville	51
M. H. S.	28	C. A. C.	3
M. H. S.	17	Greenville	22
M. H. S.	12	Cambridge Springs	8
M. H. S.	14	Oil City	13
M. H. S.	12	Franklin	23
M. H.. S	9	Franklin	26
M. H. S.	35	Odd Fellows Home	7
M. H. S.	13	Oil City	10

M.H.S.
'21

Boys' Basket Ball Lineup

Left Forward.....Bates, J., Capt.
Right Forward.....Beatty, Houser
Center.....Judd, Laurence
Right Guard.....Bittner, John
Left Guard.....Bush, Peterson
Coach.....Mr. Kerr

M. H. S.	Score	Opponent	Score
M. H. S.	9	Oil City	48
M. H. S.	36	C. A . C.	17
M. H.S.	19	Franklin	16
M. H. S.	15	Titusville	18
M. H. S.	27	Farrel	23
M. H. S	31	C. A. C.	23
M. H. S.	29	Grove City	24
M. H. S.	33	Oil City	49
M. H. S.	30	Edinburgh	20
M. H. S.	25	Sharon	34
M. H. S.	20	Farrel	39
M. H. S.	36	Cambridge Springs	16
M. H. S.	23	Cambridge Springs	10
M. H. S.	17	Edinburgh	19
M. H. S.	25	Alumni	20
M. H. S.	17	Franklin	26
M. H. S.	29	Alumni	33
M. H. S.	38	Allegheny Club (21)	14
M. H. S.	35	Arter House	31

MHS
'21

Track Lineup

ALLEGHENY COLLEGE INTER-SCHOLASTIC MEET.

May 21, 1921.

John Bittner, Capt., Second in 100-yard Dash; third in High Hurdles.

Third Place—21 Points

Lawrence Judd, second pole vault. first high jump; third shot put.

Ellis Hall, second Discs; second Hammer.

Won by South High, Youngstown.

Second—Erie, Central.

CASE INTER-SCHOLASTIC MEET.

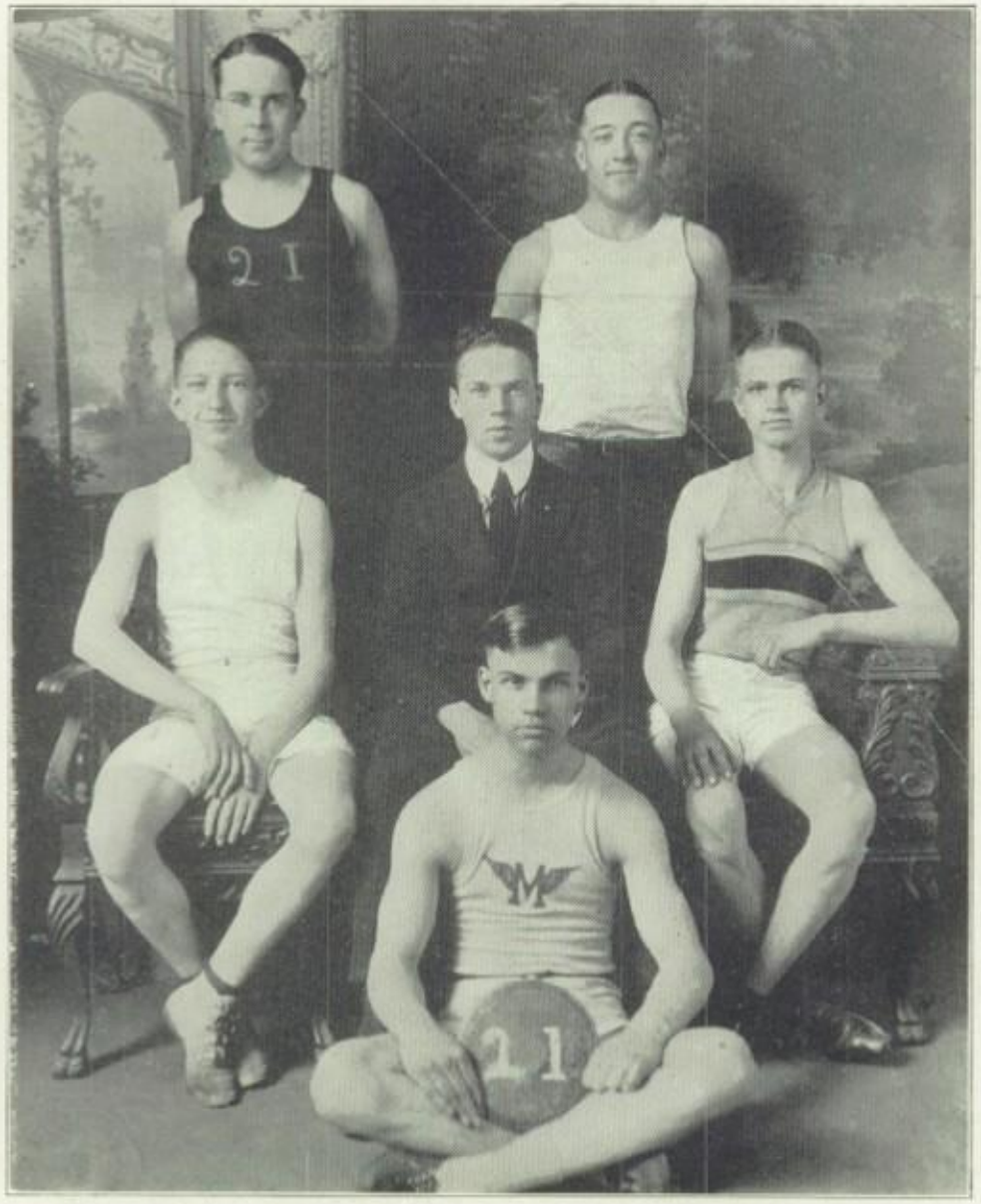
Cleveland, O., May 14, 1921.

Four points. Broke record, 26.4. 27.2 by Bender

John Bittner, second low hurdles.

Ellis Hall, fourth discuss.

Tied for 11th out of 26 High Schools.


21
21

Junior Class

Anderson, Marguerite
Arick, Marguerite
Bausman, Emma
Bittles, Wallace
Bradish, Ivan
Blanchard, Donovan
Brooks, John
Beers, Bertha
Betts, Eunice
Bower, Floyd
Boyle, Bernice
Boylan, Chester
Brown, Mary
Brown, Mildred
Brown, Howard
Bittner, John
Bush, Ray
Blanchard, Evelyn
Cotton, Mable
Cutter, Roland
Carr, Josehine
Carr, Helen
Charlton, Elizaebth
Cole, Donald
Coleman, Constance
Corrigan, Helen
Crowe, Gerald
Cropp, Donald
Comstock, Marian
Cook, Catherine
Davis, Elizabeth
Davis, Mildred
Dean, Lewis
Davenport, Ivan
Davis, Wallace
Davis, Milderd
De Ville, Stanley
Dean, Wallace
Duerr, Frank
DeMaison, Adelaide
De Ville, Stanley
Eiseman, Margaret
Faust, Helen
First, Clarence
Freeman, Blanche
Flaugh, Freda
Franklin, Mable
Freund, Katherine
Gartner, Helen
Galmish, Gilbert
Gueuon, Florence
Gilbert, Minnie
Gisewhite, Kathrine
Haas, Charles
Hatch, Virginia
Heckeler, Margaret
Humeston, Alden
Hatch, Elizabeth
Harmon, Lela
Howick, Sara
Hughes, Dorothy
Hershelman, Kathryn
Hilgendorf, Edgar
Handley, Ruby
Hobbs, Edna
Jenkins, Alice
Johns, Charlotte
Jenkins, Robert
Johnson, Charlotte
Kent, Irvin
Kreiter, Marion
Kightlinger, Kathryn
Kollarik, Mary Ann
Kightlinger, Donald
Lemon, Mildred
Loper, Dorothy
Lippert, Clara
Laughry, Frances
Leonard, Bertha
Long, Josephine
Mahaney, Roland
Miller, James
Marnen, Theodore
Majsah, Sophia
Maskrey, Elizabeth
Mahaney, Roland
Malchus, Francis
Marshall, Wilda
McKeun, John
Mook, Andrew
Newton, Ila.
Noel, Richard
O'Neil, Vincent
Perry, Edna
Pardee, Josephine
Pickens, Frances
Peterson, Merle
Peiffley, Joseph
Remler, Frank
Richard, Dorothy
Richard, Mable
Randall, Florence
Rankins, Eleanor
Remler, Elizabeth
Riordan, Jessie
Reynolds, Katherine
Seavy, Doris
Sisley, June
Schweitzer, Gertrude
Shaw, William
Shepherdson, Gladys
Shirk, Chester
Shumaker, Ila
Shaw, William
Smith, Floyd
Stratton, Marion
Styer, Anna
Schutz, Ralph
Stevenson, Fayette
Strauss, Maude
Tate Elizabeth
Truran, Blanch
Terrill. Cleo
Vohl, Walter
Vincent, Ruth
Webb, Margaret
Willoughby, Iva
Wolfe, Henrietta
Westcott, Leon
Zimmer, Edith

Sophmore Class

ACKERT, ALICE
BAIRD, DOROTHY
BATES, CORNELIA
BATES, RICHARD
BEERS, BERTHA
BENDER, LAWRENCE
BERG, ALICE
BETZ, DONALD
BITNER, JOSEPHINE
BOGGS, LELIA
BOLE, MARJORIE
BOLLINGER, MARY
BROCK, HELEN
BROWN, AGNES
BROWN, ALICE
BROWN, ANDREW
BROWN, GEORGE
BROWN, MILRED
BULEN, DEXTER
CARR, HELEN
CARRETTI, LOUIS
CHENEY ,RUTH
CLARK, GLEE
CLARK, MILDRED
COLLIER, EUNICE
COLLOM, RUTH
COLLOPY, ELIZABETH
COMSTOCK, MARIAN
CONN, JANICE
COPELAND, CLARA
CORLISS, RUTH
COTTLE, LILLIAN
COTTON, FRANCIS
COTTON, FREDERICK
CROWE, MADALINE
CRUMRINE, KATHERINE
CUNNINGHAM, THEODORE
CURRY, JANET
CUSTARD, JUANITA
DAVIS, MARIE
DAVIDSON, AGNES
DAVIDSON, MARJORIE
DERFUS, CHARLOTTE
DE VORE, RUTH
DODGE, ANNABELLE
ELLIS, ELIZABETH
FAIVRE, PHOEBE
FINNEY, HELEN
FINNEY, THEODORE
FOREMAN, AGNES
FOREMAN, WILLIAM
FARKER, JAMES
FOX, THEODORE
FREUND, PAULINE
FROBESE, KATHERINE
GABO, ANTHONY
GALBRAITH, BEARICE
GAUB, ANNA
GILMORE, LYLE
GREEN, LESER
GREENLEE, MARIAN
GRIFFIN, FRANKIE
GRIMALDI, MARIAN
GRINNELL, EVELYN
HAAS, DOROTHY
HALE, RUTH
HAMMET, BETTY
HANAWAY, BLANCHE
HANKA, HAZEL
HECKER, SYLVANIA
HESHELMAN, KATHERINE
HELMER, ALICE
HENDERSHOT CATHERINE
HENRETA, LOUISE
HENRIETTA, JJOHN
HESSLER, JEROME
HEYDOLPH, LILLIAN
HILLS, HELEN
HINES, CHARLES
HINTZ, ROBERT
HOLLOBAUGH, LEONA
HORTH, EVELYN
HOTCHKISS, PARK
JACKSON, EMMETT
JACOBS, ROBERT
JONES, LAWRENCE
JOYCE, RALPH
KAUFMAN, EDWARD
KAUFMAN, ROBERT
KEE, LUELLA
KEPLER, HARRY
KIGHTLINGER, KATHERINE
KLINGENSMITH, CLADYS
KRESS, VICTOR
LAFFER, MARIETTA
LUCE, IONE
LYNCH, HAROLD
MALLEY, ALBERT
MARHOFFER, RAYMOND
M'CLUER, HENRY
M'COBB, HELEN
McILVAINE, JAMES
M'MULLEN, RUTH
MELVIN, BERTHA
MINIUM, MILDRED
MINIUM, CLARE
MORRISON, JOSEPHINE
MOSBACHER, VINCENT
MURRAY, SACKETT
NEWCOMB, LILLIAN
NEWCOMB, RAYMOND
NEWELL, GERTRUDE
O'BRIEN, CECELIA
PALMER, ALMOND
PERRY, EDNA
PIERCE, FANNIE
PIERSON, EDITH
PIERSON, JOSEPHINE
POWELL, LOIS
REISCHMAN, KENNETH
REW, VINCENT
RIEMAN, FRIEDA
RUPERT, ALLISON
RUPP, KENNETH
RUPP, LEONA
SANFORD, GEORGE
SCHIEK, JANETTE
SCHULER, MAYBELLE
SCHUTZ, HAROLD
SHAUBERGER, MARIAN
SHARPE, ALON
SHERWOOD, ROY
SIMON, RUTH
SMITH, ANDREW
SMITH, DAVID
SMITH, GILBERT
SMITH, IVAN
SPAID, MYRTLE
STENGER, VIRGINIA
TRIOLA, CARL
TYLER, KENNETH
VAN SLYKE, BONETA
VEITH, CLIFFORD
VEITH, DUANE
WADE, GLADYS
WALKER, JAMES
WALRATH, LOUIS D.
WALTON, FLORENCE
WASSON, CLARA
WEBB, MARY, JOSEPHINE
WILKINS, ELIZBETH
WILLIAMS, EFFIE
WIMMER, ELIZABETH
WIMMER, HELEN
WOOD, JOHN
WOOD, MARIE

Freshman Class

altenberg, wayne
anderson, alice
anderson, virgil
alsdorf, russell
battles, grace
beatty, arthur
bennett, nerva
bittner, pauline
bender, ruth
blood, lawrence
brown, edward
boyd, edward
boyd, harriet
blanchard, emma
caretti, loui
carroll, budd
case, alma
coup, clarence
crawford, audene
cunningham, paul
conn, emerson
crosby, theodore
crosby jean
chase, gwendolyn
cummings, dorothy
curry, marium
clark, ruth
cole, helen
deater, mildred
derby, stanley
dornhoeffer, hazel
dowdell, wanda
davern, edward
di lorenzo, tony
dollison, robert
dingmen, stella

derby stanley
freyersmuth, arden
frill, sarah
ferth, webb
forker, leleand
first, june
ferguson, eunice
fordyce, robert
franklen, robie mae
gilvair, lawrence
gisewhite, fred
guenther, marie
griggs, mable
gromoll, paul
grover, dorothy
geist, nilda
guy, bruce
gaub, hilda
gabil, marian
gipner, clarice
gillittle, clarice
haley, josephine
higly, eva
hoffman, walter
howick, walter
harman, john
humeston, elizabeth
hawkins, olive
hunter, dorthy
hills, frank
hoover verne
hurly, josephine
hoover, daniel
kimey, susanne
knapp, rachell
kennedy, elizabeth

kent, marian
knight, helen
kurten, alberta
keefe, edna
kensil, arthur
kightlinger, agnes
keyes, verna
ewing, robert
ewing, carl
eastman, raymond
irwin, carrie
johnson, wallace
jackson, clara
johnson, charles
jeffries, wm.
johnson, john
johnson, willard
lahey, john
leaghty, dorthy
limber, mary
lorz, james
leonard, hugh
liman, margaret
lord, theodore
laughlin, anna
lawson, ethel
lutton, ralph
mckinney, alice
mcmath, francis
mosier, florence
marnen, paul
morten, paul
moffit, tracey
murphy, ellen
morrison, dorthy
mc ilvaine, kathern

mushrush, marlin
nichols, margaret
natzak, lucile
pierce, walter
prennatt, adele
prennatt, irene
petrie, marie
plummer, hazel
palmer, florence
rice, robert
roschi, louis
ratner, florence
shadley, ralph
shea, thomas
smock, ralph
betts, catherine
bitler, sara
cunningham, wenna
cutshall, martha
dean, winifred
dykes, mildred
fairchild, chas.
guy, tom.
gushard, thelma
houser, walter
lampman, harry
laughlin, mary
miller, donald
miller, dorthy
morton, harold
pierson, cora
postance, alton
phillips, wayne
putnam, roland
riddle, roland
roha, florence

rudy, richard
rudway, margaret
smith, jessie
schade, gladys
thurston, ethel
veith, harriet
van horn, carrol
wyatt, lawrence
megill, duff
sherrick, robert
shimell, harry
shaw, mildred
shipe, mabel
steel, frank
smock, emma
stainbrook, ruth
stockton, ruth
saeger, iva
taylor, marian
taylor, miriam
thelmar, david
whitehill, gertrude
winters, irene
watson, gerald
weber, henry
white, evelyn
waite, earle
wolf, charles
van horn, mildred
van horn, elizabeth
gill, oliver
young, frank
bowen, edward

"Mere Mention"

A is for all of us, both short and tall,
A is for any and that includes all.
B is for Balliet and Bitler and Brooks,
While Burchfield and Beatty fill in with good looks
And also John Bates of Basket Ball fame
And his cousin Elizabeth whose last name's the same
C There are numerous C's and here they are——
Calvin, Cutter, Cutshall, Carr;
Chapin, Chase, Cunningham, and Clark,
Surely some of this number will make their mark.
D Suggests Debby, a girl light and free,
The rest of its Davenport, who is nice as can be.
E Elliott and Eastman each start with E
"What are their fates?" 'Ere long we will see.
F Stands for Forbes and for Francis, too,
If you want real music, he'll give it to you.
G F. Greenwalt is a girl rarely seen,
But we cannot say that about Lawrence Green.
H Hammett's our President; James Houser plays ball;
And everyone knows our tall Ellis Hall.
I Stands for intelligence and industry, too,
Watch what the class of '21 will do.
J Of the Js there are Florence Johnston and Joyce,
Dot Jelbart and Juddie; just take your choice.
K Keller and Kepler are the Ks of the class,
You are left to conjecture in what they surpass.
L Landon and Limber, and Luce start with L,
The boys are good sports and Helen as well.
M is for many; there are Twilda and Don Marshall,
And several Mes; we cannot be partial.
Then the Millers and Peg Maynard Dot
Mason; too.
And Esther Manning, Secretary, our minutes
will do.
N suggests new things—new studies, new work—
But true to our standard, we never will shirk.
O In all this large class, there is only one O,
Sarah Ortman, by name, we would have you to
know.
P Two of our Ps are Postance and Price,
If you know these girls well, you'll agree that
they're nice.
Popeney, Prather and Prenatt are the rest
But we dare not say that these are the best.
Q Stands for queer ones of whom we have none,
If you doubt the above, you had better keep 'mum.'
R for Robinison, Roberts, Reese and Ryan,
Success or failure, they always keep tryin',
S There's a long list of Ss, so to get a good start
We'll mention George Sigendall and Harry Shu-
hart.
Next are Swaney, Snyder, Shafer and Steele,
While Schutz, Shreck and Stolz bring an end
to the reel.
T Thomas, Thurston, and Townsend, are three
Of the class, whose names start with T.
U means US of the class of '21,
We've done lots of work (?), but we've had
lots of fun
V Stands for the Veiths, who are cousins we're told,
Frances' tresses are dark, while Edith's are gold.
W Woodworth, Wishart and Warren—
Really these 'double yous' sound almost foreign.
X
Y For all those omited we'll use X Y and Z
Z And we hope you will like this "Class History."

M. E. C. '21.

Sophmore Class Meeting

At a recent meeting of the Sophmores, held on Saturday, a full attendance was noted, which was very pleasing to President Harding and the cabinet. (Most of the class is Republican.)

No serious mishaps were experienced, but a dangerous accident was avoided, thanks to Mr. Jacobs presence on the planet. Mr. Bulen, while pondering on the working plans of a banana tree, sliped on one of the peels, and might have slid into the rings of said planet (which, being only seventy-five miles thick. would scarcely stand the strain.) This fatality, however, was prevented by the fact that Mr. Bulen adhered to some of Mr. Jacob's gum, cast by the wayside. The gum was badly stretched, but not broken.

Mr. Jacobs explains that, to prevent taking lint on the lungs, from chewing the rag, he prefers to chew gum, for which in this case we are duly thankful. (We have doubts of his escaping the former dreaded disease, however.)

The following officers were elected and the following honors conferred:—

Eskay's Food Inspector—(To secure proper nourishment for the Freshies—Mr. McCluer.

Most Beautiful Girl, (elected by the boys.) Tie.

In the election of the most beautiful girl, we are sorry to say, the vote was a tie. Every girl got one.

Prettiest Boy (elected by the girls) James McIlwaine.

All ballots handed in were blank except one, that one giving the honor to Mr. McIlwaine.

Homliest Boy (also elected by the girls.) James McIlwaine.

In this close contest, two people only, did not receive one vote. Mr. Reischman was evidently not considered in the contest, receiving no vote. Mr. McIlwaine received two, one of which, we surmise, should rightly have been Mr. Reischman's. Everyone else received one.

Most Homely Girl (elected by the boys.) No one!

In this hotly contested election all the ballots were blank.

Chief High Examiner (to give entrance exams to Warren,) Miss Hale and Mr. Hotchkiss.

Both Mr. Hotchkiss and Miss Hale received the same number of votes.

Keeper of the Cloth (Cloth to be used for chewing and also for teething Freshies,) Mr. Lyle Gilmore.

The reason for the unanimous choice of Mr. Gilmore is obvious.

Keeper of the Pluperfect, Miss Collopy.

No other officers elected.

Refreshments were served to all by Mr. Poux's boys' cooking class and Dr. Laffer was appointed official class doctor. He is very good for stomach trouble.

Music was furnished by the High School Orchestra.

The Sophomores were very generous, Miss Bond reports the total receipts as 13 eggs, of which 3 were fit for use; 2 heads of cabage; a peck and a half of tomatoes, with 1 peck fit for use, and one lemon. We imagined that was contributed by Miss Curry.

The only accident on the return trip was when the train ran into Meadville. It was unusually punctured, being only two hours and forty minutes late.

A fine time was had by all.

Our Thanks to the People of Meadville Who Saw Their Duty and Did it

THE BOND ISSUE PASSED MAY 10.

Another year the Red and Black will publish a picture of the new high school made possible by the passing of the bond issue.

To the people who could not see our need, we have only to say, "We are not sardines, why pack us."

Again we say, "Thank you," to all those who made possible a new building for M. H. S. The committee under Mr. Crosby worked unceasingly, and it was due to their advertising and the publicity of the movement that made this monument to Meadville Civic Pride possible.

If I Were

If I were Webster Firth
I know what I woud do;
I'd get a saw and hatchet
And cut myself in two.

If I were Kathryn Fowler,
I know where I would go.;
I'd pack my grip tomorrow
And go where I could grow.

If I were "Preacher" McIlwaine,
Whose playing is so raw,
I wouldn't saw a violin,
I'd get a big buzz saw.

If I were Bella Carroll,
So firm and strict and cool,
I'd stop my teaching right away,
And start a dancing school.

If I were Satan's private cook,
I know what I would do,
I'd chop H. Lampman up in bits
And have some sulphur stew.

If I were just Miss Haxton,
Miss Hotson, Bond and Dunn,
I'd do away with "finals"
And give the kids some fun.

If I were gallant Duff McGill,
I'd know the girls all think
That Farrell was the place for me,
And out of sight I'd sink.

If I were a pretty Miss of High School,
And wanted to look sweet,
I'd buy an extra yard of goods,
And make my dress complete

If I were Louis Walrath,
A common lad I'd be,
Cut out the foolish fussing,
And drop that pet "L. D."

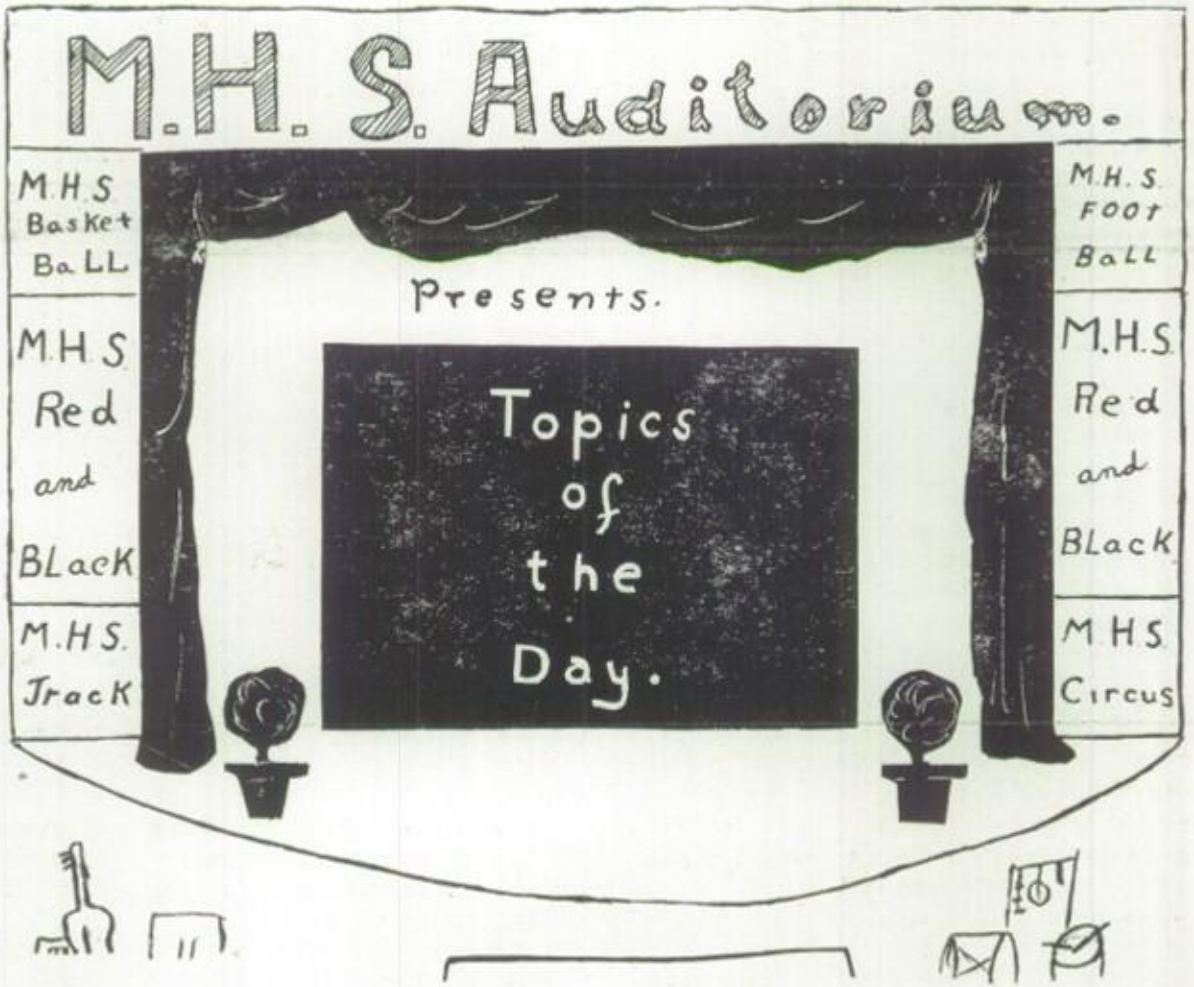
P. S. If we were Meadville voters,
We'd boost until we'd die,
We'd get another building
And call it Meadville High.

No School

It were a dark and dreary day,
When I woke up "au matin,"
For though the sun was shinning bright,
I didn't have my Latin

The Study Hall was quiet,
A very queer, strange thing,
The pennies did not fly around,
And drop, and louldy ring.

And no one wondered at the sight,
(A thing both strange and crued,)
But this explains it all, my child—
That day there was no school.


M.H.S. Auditorium.
M.H.S Basket Ball
M.H.S Red and Black
M.H.S. Track
M.H.S. Foot Ball
M.H.S. Red and Black
M.H.S Circus
Presents.
Topics of the Day.

Topics of the Day

Sept. 7—A very large crowd of Freshies reported but as there was not even standing room they suspended themselves from the gas jets. Green as ever.

Sept. 16—Auto party to Cotton's. Wanted to know: Where Kent, Peiffley and (?) companions went that they didn't get home until 2:00 A. M. Saegertown girls very popular—they all had dates.

Sept. 22—Senior party at Veith's cottage at Conneaut Lake. A few of the class broke the ice on the lake for a plunge.

Oct. 12—M. H. S.—13, Oil City—7. We fooled 'em that time.

Oct.28—Junior Hallowe'en party at Library Hall. Dispute arose as to whether Seniors could attend.

1st. report—No seniors allowed.
2nd. report—Seniors invited.
3rd. report—No Seniors allowed.
4th. report—Seniors invited.
Final report—No Seniors allowed.

Seniors had a party of their own at Cunningham's. Some eats!

Nov. 21—High School Dance given by H. & H. (Haas & Hammett). Kerr and Poux acted as referees.

Nov. 25—Through Miss Stokes' support the football team was enabled to win a 14-0 victory over Jamestown, N. Y. Season closes, Athletic Association in debt as usual.

Dec. 1—Helen Limber started scarlet fever. School closed for one month. Many thanks to Helen.

Jan. 3—School re-oened. Everybody glad (?) to be back.

Jan. 4—Athletic Association comes to life and starts basketball practice for boys and girls.

Jan. 6—SPECIAL NOTICE—Peg Prather appears in her own clothes today.

Jan. 17—Second H. S. Dance. Members of faculty declined to act as chaps. (We wonder why ? ? ?)

Jan. 21—Special news item—Ken Landon calls on Ila Newton.

Jan. 22—No exams. More thanks to Helen Limber.

Jan. 22—First meeting of Year Book staff called early in order that book might be out on time, for the first time in history of M. H. S.

Jan. 25—Madeline Steele sent home to dress properly.

Jan. 27—Frederick Geisewhite, freshman, explains difference between capital and labor; quotes "My office at Phoenix."

Feb. 5—Hank Weber is spirit of economy; introduces shoe strings for neckties in M. H. S.

Feb. 10—Dancing prohibited after basketball games. Never again. "Shimmy" the cause.

Feb. 17—"Silvia" apcars in chapel for the first time since Jan. 30.

March 2—Agnes, Alice, Andrew, George and Mildred Brown apear in 10-A French class.

March 3—Dexter Bulen reports loss of 1-2 pound due to over-study in Latin. Miss Dunn failed to notice any results.

March 4—Woodrow Wilson and Anthony Galbo relieved from further activities. Woodrow Wilson by consent of the people and Anthony by the consent of the faculty.

March 6—Special Notice—Albert Malley stays awake all during Commercial Arithmeitic class.

March 8—Helen McCobb and Vincent Mosbacher attend first performance of "Dangerous Women" at the Lyceum.

Topics of the Day

March 9—Virginia Robinson adopts new style of hair dressing—a la hottentot.

March 10—Walter Howick and Walter Pierce stage prize fight in front of the gymnasium. Good talent for rhetoricals.

March 17—Harriet Veith arrives with a green skull cap. Wonder why she selected green.

March 18—Marian Taylor out looking for her Hanke. Dorothy Ridell thought it was her handkerchief, but Mildred Dykes said it was Weber.

April 1—Nothing stirring but garlic and red peper.

April 4—Chewing gum; put out of chemistry.

April 9—Mr. Patton makes a good haul. Twenty-one mice.

April 13—Very good program in chapel on Mark Twain.

April 15—Mrs. Shumacher, thinking Eila is in school, calls her on telephone. Eila not present; great consternation and explanation on Eila's part.

April 18—Circus planed by committee, but postponed on account of bond issue.

April 19—Red and Black staff enjoy dinner party at their regular meeting. Good eats, fine time, etc. Charles Haas relates all the news of the village.

April 29—Miss McKay's register room gives splendid program in chapel. Some pupils failed to appreciate the program. (?)

May 2—Kenneth Landon performs on the flute; much enjoyed (?). then anounces intention of buying a trumpet. Can't be worse.

May 3—Report cards issued. Good resolutions made by all pupils including Brooks, Roberts, First, etc.

May 5—Good resolutions broken. Brooks, Roberts, First, etc., return to study in the afternon.

May 6—Grand Parade. Everybody appears in line.

May 9—Much enthusiasm. Things look rosy for the bond issue.

May 10—Bond issue passed; great majority. New High School assured.

May 11—Members of Red and Black staff feed themselves once more. Charles H— reports extensively but on motion of the faculty members present, his conversation from now on shall be censored.

May 12——Pupils begin to commence to think about studying for exams.

May 13—Grand spectacular circus, splendiferously attended (see pp. 66 and 67.)

May 16—Juniors met to plan picnic.

May 17—Ellis Hall and Francis Veith begin to worry about whether or not they will apear at commencement. Some doubt in the minds of the faculty

May 20—Senior chorus improving; (four boys have now joined).

May 24—Sophomores plan picnic. Major McCluer wishes to bring Freshman girl; much objection; meeting breaks up; no picnic.

May 25—Miss Prennett's class gives spiffy play in chapel.

May 25—Senior exams begin. Brooks, Roberts and Hall study all night.

May 30—Memorial Day. Pupils furnish flowers and decorate graves for G. A. R.

June 1—Senior picnic at Thurston's and Junior picnic at Spades grove.

June 3—Senior dismissal.

June 8—Commencement. Year book comes out on time! Best ever (Staff said so).

June 13——All is well that ends well.

Highs Greatest Success of the Year, the Circus

Friday the thirteenth had no hours for the staff when they held the Annual Circus. It was a howling success from "Tarzan of the Apes" to the smallest youngster, it was sure one howl. The crowd began to form long before the doors opened and at seven thirty even breathing room was at a premium. Harry Shuhart with his freaks caught them first. Here one saw Edith Veith the snake charmer—The Davidson twins as the Siamese twins—Robert Jacobs as "Tarzan of the Apes"—Kenneth Landon as the dope fiend and Paul Roberts, the Mummy. Ringling Bros. never put on a better show for the money.

From this side show everybody went to the menagerie, in charge of John Henrietta. The tent was large, the floor covered with sawdust and the whole thing most realistic. Young and old expressed their appreciation of the monkeys, the lions, Hector the Study Hall Mouse and the only mountain lion in captivity and many others.

The line in front of the "Seventh son of the Indian Seer"—Virginia Robinson—was always long but as a fortune teller she has no equal and everybody was willing to wait his turn to have the future revealed.

While waiting most people purchased candy, confetti, pop corn, ice cream cones, etc. These with peanuts furnished all the local color needed for even Barnum & Bailey.

At nine o'clock the big show opened its doors on the second floor. There was a Style Show, written and staged by Miss Henrietta Carroll and was certainly well arranged. The costumes were most unique and Hank Weber's garters deserve special mention. The best dressed girl was Harold Morton and most of the audience was deceivd in this petite "little Spanish girl" attired in black lace. "Stan" de Ville and "Hen" Johnson made great hits as models, "Red" Bradish making an uproar with his short skirt.

Of course a dance does not usually follow a circus but since the committee aimed to give everybody a good time, they furnished good music and dancing was indulged in until eleven o'clock.

$255.57 were the exact proceeds of the circus and after all expenses were paid it left $75 for the baseball team; $83 for the Red and Black and $83 for the Senior Class

The following committees made the circus a success:

Executive Committee—Isabelle M. Carroll, chairman, Chas. Haas, general manager, Chas. Hammett, dancing, Virginia Carr, music and Alice Townsend, purchasing agent.

Senior Class—Chairman, Alice Townsend, Lawrence Green, Etta Hannaway, Miss Ferer.

Junior Class—Chairman, Chas. Haas, Catherine Freund, Wallace Davis, Josephine Pardee, Margaret Eiseman, Henry Johnson, Miss Henrietta Carroll and Miss Grace Prennatt.

Sophomore Class—Chairman, John Henrietta, Major McCluer, Betty Hammett, Ruth Hale, George Sanford, Miss McKay and Miss Lunn.

Freshman Class—Chairman, Gladys Schade, Harry Lampman, Henry Weber, Helen Knight, Grace Crosby, Fred Geiswhite, Duff McGill, Theodore Crosby, Miss Hotson and Miss Fowler.

Gypsies—Marian Koloriek, Betty Carlton, Josepine Pardee and Henrietta Wolf.

Court—Jos. Peiffley, Judge.

Police—Wayne Luce, "Ike" Hills, "Peanuts" Humiston, "Ted" Marnen.

Dance—Chas. Hammett, Chas. Haas.

Teachers Selling Tickets—Miss Remeler, Mr. Kerr, Mr. Pond, Miss Fowler, Miss H. Carroll.

Poster and Advertising committee—Wallace Davis, chairman. Ruth Hale, "Ike" Hills.

The general manager wished to thank Mr. Schatz for donating tickets free of charge. Dick Bates for use of truck and the general public for patronizing the event. Those who gave their services and played in the orchestra.

FRESHMAN'S RIDE.

Straight from the Ward school to grade 9-B
He comes a vision of verdancy,
He begins his career with a meek, mild air,
And chooses his subjects with no little care
So in this manner he enters the fray,
And Freshie is sixteen credits away.
His first long year in Hi flies fast,
A year of successful studies passed,
And he gives a sigh of relief at last,
And turns his attention to thoughts more gay
For Freshie is only twelve credits away.
A hardened Sophomore we find him now,
Jeering the Freshman, with many a raw,
Being a good sport—that is how
He spends his second year in play,
And now he is only eight credits away.
In his Junior year his heart grows lighter,
Laughing to scorn each struggling blighter
Who toils but shows himself no fighter.
The callow youth now plans each day,
For he's only a mere four credits away.
His last year reached, he works much faster,
Studies quite hard to avert disaster,
Yet finds much time to spend in laughter,
And finally he reaches Commencement Day,
From his entrance to Hi, sixteen credits away.

—I. A. M. '21.

Tires blowed out, ain't worth a cent.
Got lots of speed, will run like the deuce;
Burns either gas or tobacco juice.
Tires all off, been run on the rim—
A right good Ford for the shape it's in

Buy your Palm Beach Suits at Veith's.

THE IDEAL GIRL

Mary Ann Kolorick's ..... Disposition
Grace Kiser's ..... Eyelashes
Doris Seavy's ..... Eyes
Henrietta Wolf's ..... Complexion
M. Anderson's ..... Little Feet
A. Jenkins' ..... Finger Nails
Peg Prather's ..... Hands
Ruth Elliot's ..... Hair
Dot Mason's ..... Dimples
Helen Corrigan's ..... Nose
Helen Foust's ..... Lips
Ruth Hale's ..... Grace

THE IDEAL BOY

Frances Forbes' ..... Curly Hair
Charles Haas' ..... Eyes
Chas. Hammett's ..... Teeth
H. Weber's, Wallace Davis' ..... Complexion
John Bitner's ..... Nose
Ed. Kaufman's ..... Smile
W. Dean's ..... Figure
M. Peterson's ..... Disposition

"You'd better lengthen those skirts, Margaret."
"Uh?"
"Gentlemen are apt to take you for a little girl and take you on their laps."
"Well?"

—Puppet

Nels—"Can you carry a tune, Pat?"
Pat—"Certainly."
Nels—Well, carry that one out and bury it."

—Burr

MEN'S WEAR—THAT'S ALL

MEN'S WEAR—THAT'S ALL

Tom K. Williams

MEN'S WEAR—THAT'S ALL

MEN'S WEAR—THAT'S ALL

SMITH & WIRT

Pharmacy

294 CHESTNUT STREET

Cameras and Supplies

Agents for Miss Adams and Cranes' Chocolates

GOODWIN & NUNN

Furniture, Carpets, Rugs, Draperies and China

SOLE AGENTS FOR

Globe-Warnecke Book Cases

MEADVILLE, PA. GREENVILLE, PA.

CRITERION

Up-to-the Minute

CLOTHING and FURNISHINGS

For Men, Young Men and Boys

CHESTNUT STREET

Next to Lyceum Theatre

DICTIONARY FOR 1921.

Board—An implement for administering corporal punishment; used by mothers and landladies. May be a shingle, a hair-brush, a fish-hash breakfast or a stewed prune supper.

Bonnets—A female head trouble, which is contracted the latter part of Lent.

Cauliflower—A cabbage with a college education .

Cemetary— The one place where Princes, Pauers, Porters and Presidents are finally on the 'dead level.'

Chump—Anyone whose opinion differs radically from yours.

Dance—A brisk, physical exercise, invented by St. Vitus.

Debt—A big word, begining with OWE, which grows bigger the more it is contracted.

Diplomat—An international liar, with an elastic conscience and a rubber neck.

Echo—The only thing that can cheat a woman out of the last word.

Fault—About the only one thing that is found where it does not exist.

Football—A clever subterfuge for carrying on prize fights under the guise of a reputable game.

Hammock—Happiness on hooks.

Hay-Fever—A heart trouble caused by falling in love with a grass widow.

Hug—A round about way of expressing affection.

Kiss—In arithmetic—Nothing divided by two. In grammar—A noun but used as a conjunction. More common than proper, either singular or plural. Agrees with two.

Lie—A poor substitute for the truth.

Love—A man's insane desire to be a woman's meal ticket.

Maiden Lady—A term applied to an old maid by those who wish to avoid hurting her feelings.

Banquet—From the English. bank and wet. You can bank on its being wet.

Case—From the Latin; cassus, a misfortune. Hence a misfortune, ill happening, evil chance, etc.

Education—From the Greek; edus, sweet, and the English; vacation, meaning a thing whose vacations are sweet. Example—A High School Education.

Examination—From the Latin; ex, outside of, and animus, mind. Hence, to find what is outside of the mind.

Laboratory—From the Latin; labore, to labor, and the Greek, toreo, to pierce or bore. A place of labor and a bore.

Mathematics—From the Greek, mathein, to learn or teach, and Attica, a small province of Greece. Hence, mathematics, a study which should be taught only in a small province of Greece.

We wonder where Chuck Haas gets the following phrases:

"Gosh all Spruce."
Gollypaloserss."
"Youn don't give a tell."
"Wasen't terrable."
"Old Dub."
Geometry is like the moon
Upon a rainy night—
As true as anything can be
And yet quite out of sight.

A NOBLE THOUGHT.

We hear Dot Jelbart always talking about an "EARLE."

Miss Ferer in 11A English class—"Does anyone know where Dorothy Richards lives."

Ivan Davenport, (blushing) "On Lord st."

ACADEMY THEATRE

ZEITLER & TRURAN, Managers

Strives to Please Not One Day
But Every Day

VAUDEVILLE AND PHOTODRAMA

PIANOS, PLAYER PIANOS

AND

VICTROLAS

Sold on easy monthly payments or for cash

Victor Records Q. R. S. Player Rolls

EDWARD T. BATES CO.

Brownell's Footwear

STYLE, QUALITY, SERVICE

BROWNELL'S EASY PRICES

Brownell Shoe Company

"They Save and Serve"

208 CHESTNUT ST. MEADVILLE, PA.

For Fine Candies, Etc.

FRISK

Ice Cream Parlor

MY WESTINGHOUSE

Oh, nights of sleep,
Each dream a pain
From my front hair
Clear through my brain
Six little curlers
Sittin' in a row
It's hard sleeping on bumps
But it's worth it you know.
For the next day, all the girls rave,
"Oh! is it real? What a wonderful wave!"

DEDICATED TO:

Grace Kiser
Edyth Veith
Gladys Klingensmith
Mildred Davis
Henrietta Wolfe
Francis Forbes
Eva Higley.

SONG OF THE GOLOSH.

One little buckle,
Two little buckles,
Three little buckles—maybe four.
Some don't buckle 'em at all, just flop around the floor,
With a clump, clump, clump; and a clank, clank, clank.
Some only lined 'em just for a prank.
Soon 'twill be spring, we won't wear 'em anymore,
Poor old Goloshes will be parked behind the door.

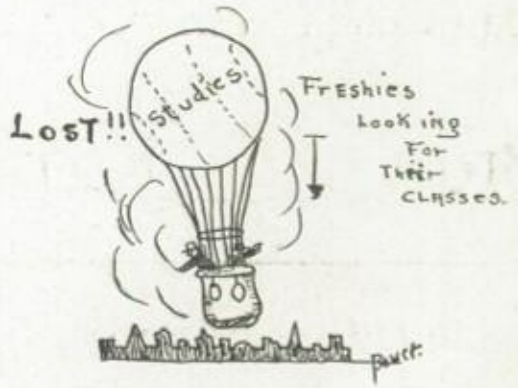
N. C. T. "21"

Scientists tell us that a disease always attacks the weakest spots. Now we know why so many people have bad colds in the head.

Classy neck ties at Veith's.

WANTED TO KNOW

How SHARP is ALTON?
How GREEEN is LORANCE?
What did WAYNE LUCE?
Why should ADELAIDE THURSTON?
Why did HELEN CUTER hair?
Who did HAROLD LYNCH?
Who does RUTH HALE? (Ask ED)
What did MADELINE STEELE?
Did JUNE come from SICILY?
What kinduva CARR does VIRGINIA prefer
(FORD COUPE)
Does MARIAN TAYLOR?



SOME THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO SEE

Ruth Elliot doing the camel walk.

John Bates and Babe Jenkins in a different part of the town at the same time.

One of the seven wonders of the world! Marietta Laffer was wearing rats in her hair!

WESTINGHOUSE MAZDA LAMPS

AND

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

For all Purposes

Jay Cook Electric Company

MENDEL'S

"VALUE FIRST"

CORRECT IN STYLE

Society Brand Shirts

Men's Custom Shirts

VALUE FIRST

Panama and Straw Hats

YOCUM'S

For Artistic Framing

944 MARKET ST.

EVERYTHING FOR EVERY GAME

Football, Baseball, Basket Ball, Track or Gymnasium,

AT

WHIPPLE'S LEATHER STORE

961 WATER STREET

Also Trunks and Traveling Goods

Modern Shoe Repairing

For fine work at reasonable prices go to

REUTER'S

935 MARKET STREET

TO ALL YE GRADUATES

We wish to extend congratulations and wish you success in all your aspirations and thank you for your patronage.

KEEP'S PHARMACY

WANTED TO KNOW

Why Henry McClure is always around the High School when the afternoon session gets out.

If Margaret Prather always buys at the remnant counter there being such a skirt shortage.

How much John Brooks charges to convey people over the dance floor.

Is Red Shadley running "Luce" or rushing "First."

If "Peanut" Humeston can be distinguished from a rocking battleship or a balking horse when dancing.

Why Charlotte named her dog "Ken."

If Marion Taylor has sent in her subscription for McClures yet.

Why Red Shadley wears a shoe string for a neck tie.

How Red Mosbacher got the name "Djerkiss."

This is the song of Jack McKeowen
So you can be sure there's trouble brewin'.
Now I lay me
Down to weep,
Miss McKay went an'
Changed my seat!

WANTED TO KNOW

Why Maybelle Schuler would like to be first cousin to everybody.

Why Charlotte doesn't mind Kaufing.

Why does Betty insist she is growing taller every minute.

Why Jeanette S. gets so excited when she hears the name Jack.

Fellows! Buy your clothes at Veith's and you'll beat the "College men" out.

DID YOU EVER STOP TO THINK THAT

Tennyson could take a worthless sheet of paper, write a poem on it worth $65,000.

That's Genius.

Some men can sign a check and make it worth $50,00.

That's capital.

The United States Government can take an ounce of silver worth 60 cents and make it worth $1.00

That' s money.

Howard Chandler Christy can take a 50c piece of canvas and paint a picture on it worth hundreds of dollars.

That's Art.

A merchant can take an article worth 75c and sell it for $1.00.

That's Business.

A girl can buy a hat for $29.00.

That's Vanity.

A student can study all year and then flunk.

That's H——l.

They stood beneath the mistletoe,
With not a soul about,
The fire in the grate burned low,
And all the lights were out.
And yet they never sought to kiss,
Each other while they could,
For she was but a painted miss,
And he was made of wood.

Peg P.—"Goodness, I wish the Lord had made me a man."

Ruth E.—"Cheer up, dear, no doubt he has, but you haven't found him."

Bates buys his clothes at Veith's.

IN SELECTING JEWELRY

Have an eye to refinement and elegance. A mint of hints are here because of an augmented stock. One should select with care. Don't decide quickly. Rest assured we are only too pleased to have you come and look over our selection. A wide variety of watches, diamonds, and all other jewelry in matchless designs await your inspection here.

A. W. HANAWAY
JEWELER
279 Chestnut Street **Meadville, Pa.**

Dearborn Tire and Repair Co

942 MARKET STREET

Next door to the National Meat Market

FREE AIR FREE WATER FREE RIM SERVICE

"INSIDE AND OUTSIDE

The Best Made"

Meadville Federal Bakery

285 CHESTNUT ST.

SNAP AND PEP

IN MY

SHOES AND OXFORDS

For Young People and People who keep young

F. W. WEBER

945 Water St. Meadville, Pa.

"IN THE OLD STUDY HALL"

To be sung to the tune of "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground."

We're studying tonight
With our old school books;
Many are the brains that quail.
We are working tonight with all our might
And many are the guys that fail.
Studying tonight, working for the right
To keep us out of fail.

QUIZZES.

I hate quizzes
They bother me!
Yesterday I studied
All afternoon
For a quiz
And this smorning
I took it.
They say
"Time will tell."
But I don't need to wait.
If that had been
An entrance exam
To Heaven,
I'd be heaving coal
Now
I hate quizzes
They bother me!

Girls coming out of class about 4th period: "Look! have I enough on?" "Yes," "Too much?" "No." "Do I look alright?" "Yes, do I?"

The girls like well dressed fellows. Buy your clothes at Veith's.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

1. L. Green got to school 15 minutes early?
2. Helen Woodworth forgot her giggle?
3. A. Jenkins forgot her powder puff?
4. Everyone got out of exams?
5. Alice didn't wait on John?
6. Joe Pardee didn't whisper?
7. The faculty liked open goloshes?
8. H. Weber lost his curling iron?
9. The Freshies and sophomores had a class fight?
10. Ted Marnen didn't know how to play football?
11. We could talk in study hall?
12. Joe Carr forgot her lip stick?

MYSTERIES TO BE SOLVED.

Why Marian Straton combs her hair twice a day
Why M. Clark likes carmels so well.
Why F. Forbes' hair is so curly.

Miss Haxton—"Late again. Have you a good excuse?"

L. Green—"Yes, my mother had to write my excuse for being late yesterday."

Miss Stoke—"Give me for one year the number of tons of coal shipped out of the United States."

Ted Finney—"1492. None."

He—"Every statement I ever made to you is true—except one."

She—"How noble, and which one was that?"

He—"This one."

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"BROKEN ROMANCE SEEN IN JERSEY"

On Woodcock's sunny banks one day,
Fair maidens went to will away
An hour or two—
Now down the lane came Irvin Kent,
He sure was mad, on mischief bent.
He said his jersey had been hooked—
By one of these fair damsels crooked.
Now Gun-Ga-Deen was sitting near,
And to her heart struck sudden fear,
She held his shrinking jersey—
Across her beating heart,
Then started up in anguish,
And dived just like a dart
Into the water—
She heard him say it was a sin,
So Gun-Ga-Deen threw back his pin.
This pin of gold is made tis real,
You'll find it now on Tootie Steele.

The fire eating colonel had received a letter which consumed him with rage, but this was his noble reply:

"Sir: My stenographer, being a lady, cannot transcribe what I think of you. I, being a gentleman, cannot think it. But, you, being neither, will understand what I mean."

JUST THINK.

Just think of any member of the '21 class graduating with a gnats eyebrow on his upper lip. Never mind Virg, some are jealous because they can't raise anything except an umbrella or a disturbance.

Fellows! You can swim lots better if you buy your bathing suits at Veith's.

WHEN LAST HEARD FROM

June First was still whitewashing her face
Clair Jackson had gained a pound or two,
The Freshmen were still green.
The manual training boys were still 'sawing wood.'
The orchestra were just "tuning up."
Robert Hintz was trying to learn to dance.
Six girls were sewing ruffles on the bottom of their skirts as per orders.
Duff McGill was still watching the girls across the isle in study hall.
Elizabeth Van Horne was still going up.
Little Wayne Altenburg had not lost his big gift of gab.
Frances Forbes was in need of a hair cut.
Harold Shadley was still a Red.
Marie Petrie and Catherine McIlwaine were still living together.
Ditto Walrath and Hotchkiss.
Bowen was still waiting outside after school to walk home with Irene.
Japie had gotten down to work.
Johnny Bates was still aspiring to fame as a foul shooter.

Mid. Davis—"Mamma I don't feel well."

Mother—"That is too bad, dear. Where do you feel worst?"

Mid—"In school."

Anti-Tobacco Orator—You go into a shop and buy a cigar, and in its wake you get wine, whiskey, brandy.

Voice—Quick! Where do you buy your cigars?

J. Carr—"What would this nation be without women?"

C. Haas—"A stag nation."

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I

When you're feelin' rather holow, and the world seems kinda blue,
And you think some charms or chocolate will help the morning through,
Then you go and ask to be excused to find a reference or more,
And stealthily steal down and out to the little corner store.

II

The store it is alluring with its chocolate and its gum,
And things would all be spiffy if Miss McKay would just keep mum.
She has her eye upon you when you're comin' over fine,
But you land into the office and you get a speed sublime.

III

It makes you feel all queerish,
And you don't know what to say,
The teachers—they—of course—ne'er went
To a store across the way.

Dot Jelbart in Physics class (handing her eversharp pencil to Ed. Snyder):

"Hey Ed. sharpen my pencil."

"I wonder why?"

IN FRENCH CLASS

Alice Townsend, translating—"In his infancy he had not learned to read."

Adelaide Thurston, translating—"He arrived there after a voyage of twenty-seven days in a cart."

News Item—Bob Jacobs now removes his gum before entering Miss Dunn's room.

Favorite saying of Miss Bond—"I'm making a collection of those."

TOWN TATTLE

Peg Prather has a new dress an inch longer.
Debby Davenport thinks Wayne is too loose.
Chubby Hanaway has lost two pounds.
Ed. Bates has learned to flirt.
Tootie eats wild oats.
Why did Charlotte make such a hit in Greenville?
John Harmon has wrecked a senior's heart in science class.

THE PROOF.

I

In Punkin Center, way, way off,
The quack doc held his stand;
A bottle large and brown he held,
Displayed in his right hand.

II

"Yes, gentlemen," the quack doc said,
"I can without restraint
Say, that in all these twenty years,
I've never heard complaint."

III

"What does that prove?" the doctor said,
"I've sold it by the pails."
Came from the rear of the audience,
"THAT DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES."

BEAUTY HINTS FOR GIRLS.

1. For dimples—Try safety-pinning beans into your cheeks at night. For further information see C. Derfus.
2. For rosebud lips—Do not bite. See E. Collopy.
3. For golden hair—See J. Morrison privately.

It has been suggested that Francis Forbes wear a hair net, especially while acting as cheerleader.

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Mrs. Perry (to Mr. Rogers future son-in-law)—"I may tell yo that though Edna is well educated, she cannot cook."

Neil—"That doesn't matter much, so long as sshe doesn't try it."

Curio teacher to pupil—"Explain a freshie."

Pupil—"Very green children who sleep in the morning and fill the rooms and halls of the High School in the afternoon."

You can always tell a Senior, he is so sedately dressed,
You can always tell a Junior by the way he swells his chest,
You can always tell a Freshman by his timid looks and such,
You can always tell a Sophmore, but you cannot tell him much.

WANTED

Some Pep ..... Willard Chase
Someone to talk to ..... Edith Veith
Less noise ..... Facutly
A Dance ..... Chas. Haas
A New Hi School ..... Everybody
Someone to listen ..... Victor Martin-Cohen
Ambition ..... John Bates

Eddie V. to Ken Landon—"You're a fool."
Landon—"Thanks, you and I are twins."

A woodpecker lit on a Freshman's head
And settled down to drill,
He drilled straight in for two long hours
And then he broke his bill.

"STYLES AND SICH"

Our teachers are all hopin'
Next year 'twont be the style
To wear goloshes open
At least not all the while
They look so very sloppy
As they hang open wide
Unbuckled they're so floppy
Their noise we can't abide
Their clanging and their clatter
Can be heard clear down the hall
As the feet go pitter-patter
Oh, it won't do at all!

Why is John Brooks' head like a city park?
Because it covers a solid block.

COULD WE?

Can any Hi School do its best
Where there is any real unrest,
And if they could
Could we?
Can any Hi School frown and growl
And alwyas be mad and wear a scowl,
And if they could,
Could we?
Suppose they chased away their scowl,
And did their level best to smile,
If they did,
Can't we?

Bobby H.—"I have a trade last for you, Helen."
Helen Knight—"Oh! this is so suden, etc."
Bobby H.—"James McIlwaine said you had a cute indigestion."

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OLD STUFF.

Neil R.—

"Tell me, girlie, why that sadness,
Tell me, why that look of care.
Why has fled that look of gladness
That thy face was wont to wear?"

UNKNOWN GIRL

"Neil, 'tis useles to dissemble,
Well my face may wear a frown,
For I've lost my largest hairpin,
And my chignon's coming down.

A Sophomore.

Speaking of Walnut street, the farther you go the tougher it gets, and K. Landon lives in the last house.

WHEN WAS GENE CROSBY IN JAIL?

In Civic's class—"What would you do to prevent crime in Meadville?"

Miss Crosby—"The jail should be enlarged to accomodate the prisoners."

Miss Carroll—Are there many people in the jail?"

Miss Crosby—"Oh, yes ma'am! There were when I was there.

Betty Laffer—"The freshmen are all over at the Fire Station."

Ruth DeVore—"Let's go back. It was not so when we were freshmen.

Miss Hotson—"What is the base of seniors?"

Marie Petrie—"Freshies."

Miss Bond (just before chapel)—"Sit with Miss Ferer's pupils in the side section for today, Ruth."

R. Hale—"I can't. There isn't room for me in the small section!"

THE MODERN HIAWATHA

Then all the girls praised Hiawatha,
Hiawatha, heap big athlete;
Football, basketball and baseball
Were the games of Hiawatha.
Hiawatha, strong man, hard man,
Smoked his camels like a warrior.
Of all the poker sharks he learned the secrets,
Learned to deal himself four aces,
Learned to play pool like Don Marshall,
Learn to shoot crap like a trooper;
All the tricks of crooked gambling
Were well known to Hiawatha.

—Harry Shuhart, '21

Solicitous old gntleman—"Hello, Willie!—How is your grandpa standing the heat?"

Smart Willie—"Haven't heard from him yet, he's only been dead a week."

This is to deep for us. (Editor.)

Bradish—"May I see you tonight?"

Dot Hughes—"Remember that mother turns the lights out at ten."

Bradish—"Alright, I'll be there at ten sharp."

THE STENOG'S VACATION.

My typust is on her vation
My trpist's awau fpr a week
My typudt us in hur vsearion
Wgile these danm kews plsy hude and seej.

CJORAS

Oy, breng boxk, bting bzek,
Brung becj mu b'Onnie ti my, tp mr;
B (&ng b$xj b-6ng biex,
Bjing bozk m? belnio -o mx, oj helk.

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IN MISS FERER'S ENGLISH CLASS.

Miss Ferer, concerning a poem the class was studying—"How many daughters did the woman have?"

Ted Marnen—"She had seven chickens."

Bobby Hintz, learning saxaphone—"I'm so discouraged! I blow into this thing so sweetly and such a horrible sound comes out."

"Oh! papa! he exclaimed, as they passed before the elephant—'look at the big cow with horns in her mouth, eating hay with her tail!"

—Ex.

He (calling the doctor for his sick mother-in-law)—"Is this Dr. Smith? Well, my mother-in-law is at death's door, and please hury over and pull her through."

—Ex.

Prof.—"And will the-ah-persons who are absent, speak to me about it directly after class?"

Marriage is like using a telephone.
Frequently one gets the wrong number.

What makes L on earth?
Ladrones, Laggards, Lizzies, Liars, Lawyers, Lunatics and Lovers.

Soph.—"I hear they can't hang men in Ireland with wooden legs."

Freshie—"Why?"

Soph.—"They have to hang them with ropes."

BOO HOO

The culprit's name was Look Hoo—
A Chinaman 'twas clear;
The lawyer addressed the court;
"Your Honor, Look Hoo's here."
The judge replied with brevity,
"Eliminate the levity."

Mary—"When did you learn to crank a Ford?"
Bill—"Oh, the new pencil sharpener at school."

Freshman—"Where have I seen your face before?"
Senior—"The same place you see it now."

—Ex.

Lucy, excitedly—"Oh, mother, I think Mrs. Brown is the cruelest woman! She-she said if my kitten did not get fat on fresh milk, I should boil it."

—Ex.

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Bertha Beers is always chewing gum
And standing in the hall,
A-talking to a nice young man
Who is very slim and tall.
He is a sophomore in our school,
And Bertha, too, I guess.
But talking in the hall at times,
Is something we detest.
They chew awhile, then talk awhile,
When hark—they hear a call,
It is Miss Carroll's gentle voice
A-ringing in the hall.
"Miss Beers come right in here
And recite to me this verse."
"I will be in there right away,
But I must see Clarence first."

Miss McKay certainly can fill the place of the Statue of Liberty better than anyone else we can think of, for when she gets to looking at Maje McClure in 5th study hall she can hold that position for five consecutive minutes and never move a muscle.

Mary Ann—"Do you think he loves her?"
Red Mosbacher—"I know it. I saw them come out of the balcony after the last dance, and her hair was a sight.

The remarks were sour
The compliments stuck
But who can say
We didn't have pluck.

—Freshmen.

Sweet sixteen and never been kissed—Duff McGill.

All the girls like Fashion Park Clothes. Get them at Veith's

FINDING HIMSELF.

The other day when the beach was crowded, a small boy, looking rather bewildered, approached a police officer and said, "Please, sir, have you seen anything of a lady around here?"

"Why, yes," answered the officer, "I've seen several."

"Well, have you seen any without a little boy?"

"Yes."

"Well," said the little boy as a relieved look crossed his face, "I'm the little boy. Where's the lady."

Why is it Dot Haas has such pretty white teeth?
I suppose because a friend of the family expects to open a dental office in Pittsburgh after June Commencement.

How does it come that "Chuck" Haas had to leave town for fear of getting the mumps when it is general knowledge that mumps are only catching when a person is in close proximity to the patient?

The cows are in the meadows,
The sheep are in the grass,
But all the silly little geese,
Are in the Freshie class.

I Kent—"What would you do if I would kiss you on the forehead."
T. Steele—"I'd call you down."

"There's millions in it," said the inventor as he scratched his head.

"And now," cried the lawyer, "I wish to tax your memory."
"Good Lord," groaned the client, "Has it come to that."

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WOMEN'S AND MISSES'
READY-TO-WEAR

GEMS FROM THE "DIGEST."

"Lies slumbering here
One William Lake,
He heard the bell
But had no brake"
At fifty miles
Drove Old Ollie Pidd,
He thought he wouldn't
Skid, but did"
"At ninety miles
Drove Bill Shawn
The motor stopped
But Bill kept on."

Lives of master crooks remind us
We may do a bit of time,
And, departing, leave behind us
Thumb-prints on the charts of time.

—Life

A Chink by the name of Chin Ling
Fell off a street car, bing-bing.
The conductor turned his head, to the passengers said—
"The car's lost a washer, ding-ding."

There is no real suffering in Mexico now, except that of the school boy who is trying to learn the dates of all the revolutions. — Baltimore Sun

---

Ellis Hall—"That picture doesn't look like me, I'm sure."

Miss Wetherby—"But, Mr. Hall, if it looked any more like you I'm sure you wouldn't put it in the Red and Black."

Weby—"Wayne, I'd like you better if you'd buy your clothes at Veith's."

IN CIVICS.

Teacher—"What is the fastest mail?"
Voice from the rear—"Female!"

—Ex.

Disgusted Professor—"What did you come to college for anyway? You are not studying."

Bobby Rahrah—"Well, mother says it's to fit me for the presidency; Uncle Jime, to sow wild oats,; sister Helen, to get a chum for her to marry, and father to bankrupt the family.

A little girl on hearing that a baby sister had just arrived, making six in the family, complained—"Oh, dear now one package of gum won't go around."

A verdant young man named Paul
Came running full speed down the hall.
To cap the disaster,
His head struck the plaster,
And made a grass stain on the wall.

—Oracle.

Harold—"Where did you get your black eye?"

Jimmie—"I was looking through a knothole at a ball game and got it sunburned."

—Ex.

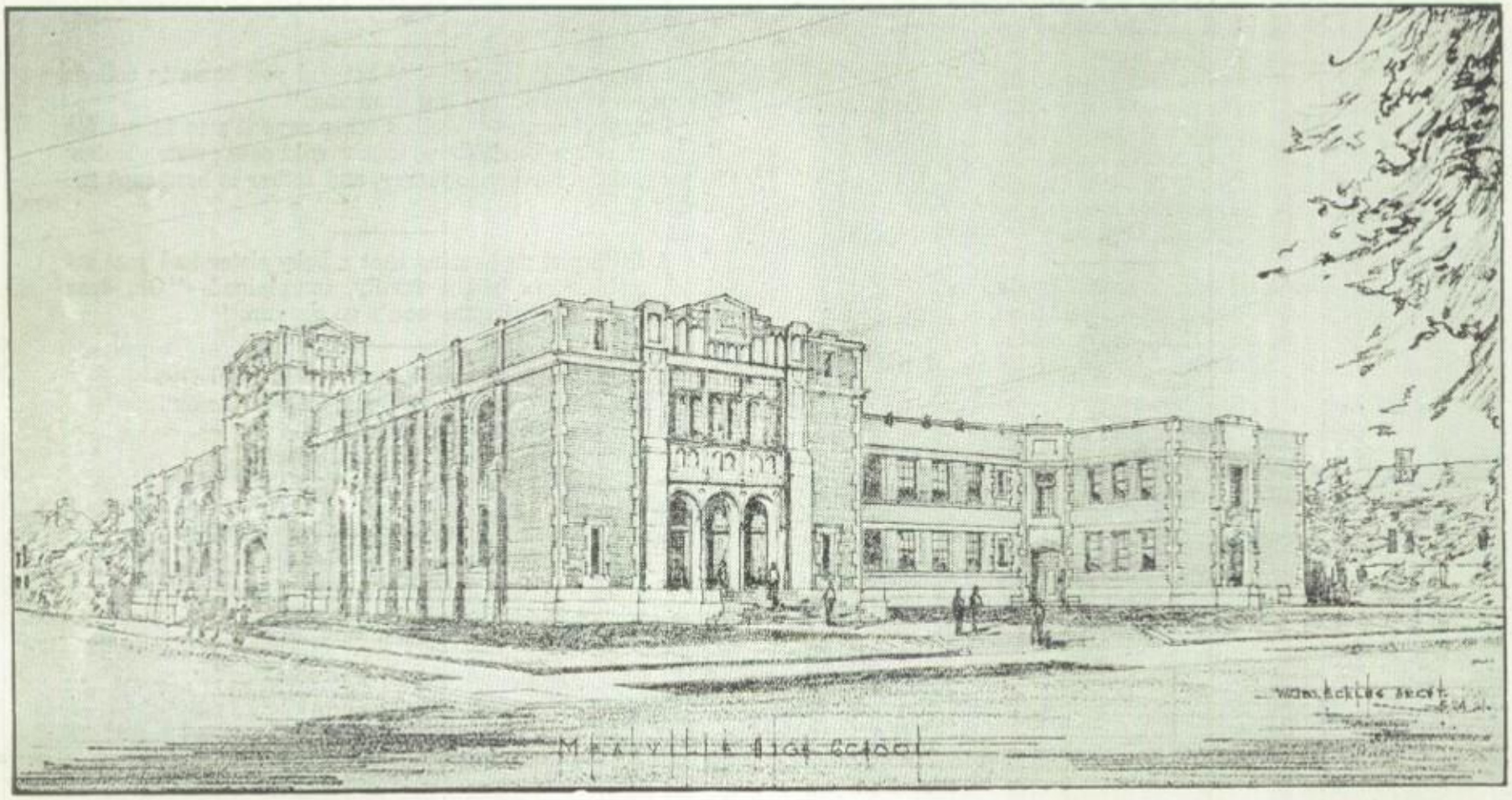
Teacher—"Howard, what is love?"

W. Stoltz—"Oh! putting your arm around a girl or something else you know."

If a hen coud lay an orange, what would the little chicks say?"

"Oh! look at the orange marmalade."

—Ex.


Melville High School

THE WEAK END.

Soph.—"I'll match you for an ice cream sundae."
Fresh—"All right, wait till then."

Mr. Kerr—"Mr. Veith, how do you spell weather?"
Duane Veith—"W-e-t-t-h-e-a-r."
Mr. Kerr—"That's the worst spell of weather we have had for some time."

Cheer up! A dentist is the only man who has a right to look down in the mouth.

Paradise—Bachelor.
Paradise Lost—Married.
Paradise regained—Widowed.

Owner—"Here, what are you doing? Don't you know you're not allowed to take fish out of this water?"
Angler (three hours without a catch)—"I'm not taking them out, I'm feeding them."

Miss Borrell—"What kind of children would they be if they were uneducated?"
Miss C.—Students."

Helen Woodworth—"He said I had a perfect rosebud of a mouth.
Chas. Haas—Tha's all right, but I thought rosebuds were usually closed.

"Why were you so tardy, Mr. Shimmel?"
"The class began before I got there."

You'll be well dressed if you wear Onyx hose Ide collars and Eagle shirts. Veith's have them.

Note—The baseball team received $25 from the proceeds of the High School circus.

Miss Borrell—"Martha, what is a leper?"
Martha Cunningham—"An animal of medium height with black and white stripes."

It is reported that when the tenth grade Latin class learned the important fact that the Romans ate food with their fingers, one member of the class (R. F. J.) asked how they ate soup.

Miss DeVore—"I am going up to the conservatory to meet Elizabeth."
Blanche Hannaway—"Oh! is she having her picture taken?"

Is it harder to write for the Year Book than to propose to a girl?
Well, the girl might accept.

Red Mosbacher—"I press my trousers on bended knees."
Mary Ann—"What's the matter. Haven't you an ironing board."

This is too deep for us.—(Editor.)
Grace Kiser's motto—"Servate aequum at servas omnia."

"My plate is damp," complained a traveler in a London hotel.
"Hush!" whispered his wife, "that's your soup."
—Ex.

Customer—"I want to see some cheap skates."
Saleslady—"Just a minute; I'll call the boss."

M. Prather—"Why do you wear your stocking wrong side out?"
M. Steele—"Because there's a hole on the other side."

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Commencement Program

(Note—We regret that this must be placed at the end, but we were unable to get the proof earlier)

1. Invocation ..... Rev. J. H. Jelbart
2. Chorus—Springtime ..... Strauss-Palmer
3. Oration ..... South America
   Harry Shuhart.
4. Class Poem ..... Ruth Elliot
5. Violin Solo—(a) Hungarian Dance—"The Son of the Putza" ..... Keler-Bela
   (b) Obertass—Mazurka ..... Wieniawski
   Francis Forbes
6. Class History—
   Helen Cutter — Anna Price
   Inez Miller — Etta Hanaway
   Dorothy Chapin — Margaret Prather
   Lawrence Judd
7. Recitation ..... The New Organ
   Esther Manning.
8. Oration ..... The World in Which We Live
   Samuel Warren
9. Chorus—Song of the Bells (from Chimes of Normandy") ..... Planquette
10. Class Prophecy—
    Eleanor Davenport
    Assisted by Charles Hammett, Edward Snyder
11. Presentation of Diplomas—
    F. G. Prenatt, President of the School Board

—o—

High School Orchestra.

—o—

Accompanist—Miss Mabel Cunningham

Musical Director—Mary L. Bond

Principal—Euphemia Haxton.

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